

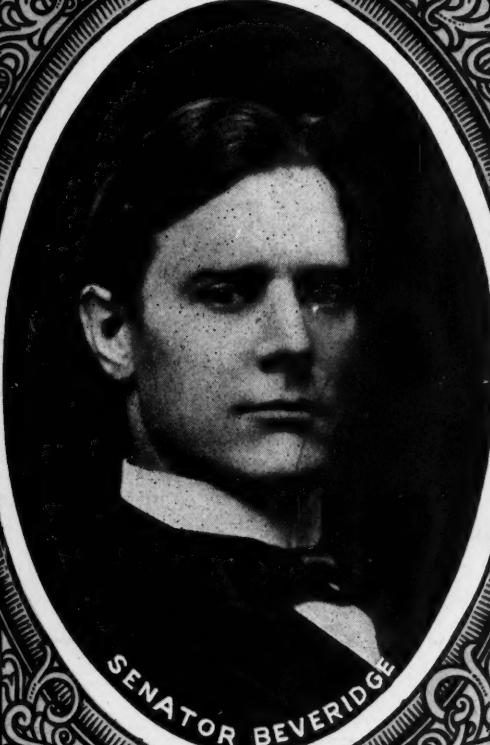
The Literary Digest

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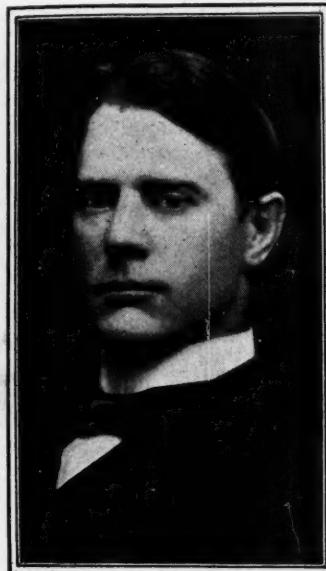
TOPICS OF THE DAY.

DEMAND FOR CLEAN MEAT.

THE substantiation, in the main, of Upton Sinclair's terrible allegations in "The Jungle" by the Neill-Reynolds report on the Chicago packing-house evils has roused an imperative demand by the press for instant and thoroughgoing reformation. Messrs. Neill and Reynolds could not confirm some of the more revolting details of the loss of human life, but the descriptions of uncleanliness, unsanitary features, and the evil of conditions generally are pretty well established. With typical American impetuosity the newspapers demand immediate action on the part of Congress and the President. Chicago, the heart and cen-

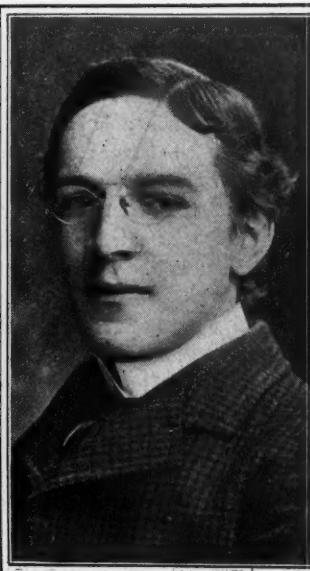
packers also. Their best defense lies not in fighting regulation, but in inviting it. The great packers, in particular, could pursue no more disastrous policy than one of resistance and defiance. While it is a fact that conditions may be better in their establishments than in the smaller ones, they must bear the brunt of the charges, and their sole aim should be to make good for themselves regardless of others. They must realize that it is on them that the interest of the whole American public is centered, and that Chicago is in no mood to share the odium that may attach to them from stock-yards scandals."

It is, thinks the *Chicago News*, "a sign of progress that the outcry against Socialistic tendencies has ceased to influence the public when a measure of necessary regulation is brought forward." The country, under the President's leadership, in the be-



SENATOR BEVERIDGE,

Who made the Senate pass his inspection bill in a hurry by threatening to make a speech on it.



UPTON SINCLAIR,

Whose book has given vegetarianism the biggest impetus it has had in its history.

NOT POPULAR IN

ter of the packing industry and home of the Union Stockyards, feels, in the words of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, "the need of a full exposition of the conditions there, and would welcome such regulations as would be a guaranty against abuses." To quote further:

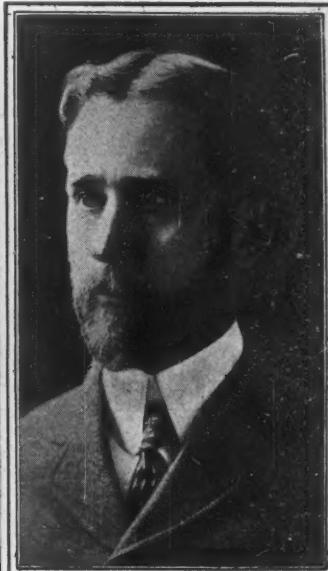
"It can emphatically indorse a provision of the Beveridge bill that all establishments in which cattle, sheep, or swine are slaughtered and the meat and food products are prepared for interstate and foreign commerce shall be maintained in a sanitary manner, according to rules to be prescribed by the Secretary of Agriculture. Not only has it much to gain and nothing to lose by thoroughly adequate inspection, but it is keenly alive to the rights of meat consumers in the matter of sanitation. For the subject is one that concerns both its own people and its own fame.

"And what is to the interest of the city is to the interest of the



JAMES B. REYNOLDS,

Formerly a settlement worker in New York's East Side, now an exposer of the evils of Packington.



CHARLES P. NEILL,

Commissioner of Labor, whose report the packers dreaded worse than the most drastic legislation.

PACKINGTON.

lief of *The News*, "is striving, by means of government supervision, to establish a proper balance between individual activities on a large scale and the public's interest. This is not a drift into Socialism, but such progress in government as the evolution of modern business methods has rendered necessary and desirable." The *Chicago Inter Ocean*, however, feels that the entire business has been greatly exaggerated. It asks what the present United States inspectors in the packing-houses are for, "and why have we inspection laws?" It continues:

"The remedy is as plain as are the only possible explanations. It is for executive authority, if possible, and, if not, for legislative authority, to change either the system or the men, or both.

"To insist merely that more men shall be hired, more money spent out of hand, and the whole cattle industry be burdened, without first making sure that the system is right and the men now

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working it are doing their duty, is but to repeat the folly recently perpetrated here in enlarging our inefficient police force.

"This whole question is one merely of the present government inspectors doing their duty intelligently. It is no question of fireworks.

"Do they do it or don't they? And, if not, how can they be made to do it? That's all.

"It is of evident advantage to settle these plain business questions plainly and without hysterics. Melodrama has nothing to do with meat inspection. Neither has novel-writing."

But the majority of the press in beef-packing centers are otherwise minded. The Kansas City *Times*, for instance, is of the opinion that in his present movement the President will have "the sympathy and cooperation of the people as he has had these helps in his other reforms," and it makes this suggestion:

"Every city, at least, should have a system that would enable the authorities to inspect all markets and restaurants thoroughly, condemn spoiled or unclean foods and, in cases of culpable negligence or adulteration, enforce heavy penalties. It would not take a large army of inspectors to regulate a city, if those employed were vigilant and had a good law back of them. So long as a dealer is liable any day to a visit from an inspector with authority to go through his establishment, he will come pretty near keeping himself in readiness for such visits."

The curious negligence of the existing law which compels inspection only of export beef and leaves the product for home consumption unprovided for has called forth the indignation of most of the large cities. Indeed, the cities are crying out upon each other. In the opinion of the New York *World*, "whatever crimes the packers have committed against the public health, Chicago and Illinois are accessories both before and after the fact." With regard to New York *The World* says:

"Not more inspectors, but the enforcement of the existing law, is the remedy for any evils in local packing-houses. There are six inspectors now. Dr. Darlington asks for fifty more. What have the six done? Has any one of them in the past year secured a conviction of a packer for the violation of section 408 of the Penal Code, which says:

"A person who with intent that the same may be used as food, drink, or medicine, sells or offers or exposes for sale any article whatever which to his knowledge is tainted or spoiled or for any cause unfit to be used as such food, drink, or medicine, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

"There are only a few abattoirs and packing-houses in Greater

New York. One conviction even would be an example to all the rest. There should be no substitution of municipal responsibility for the individual liability now existing under the present comprehensive law."

We are all, in the words of the New York *Evening Post*, "easily excited about what we eat," and that is why the press urge full publication of all the facts. In the interval of waiting for these facts, *The Post* thinks, "millions of people must already have vowed that never again will they touch canned meats or by-products of the slaughter-house in any form."

MEANING OF FREE ALCOHOL.

IN spite of Senator Teller's prediction that the bill giving the country alcohol free of revenue for use in the arts and as a fuel will prove a disappointment, there is a general rejoicing over its passage. As the New York *Journal of Commerce* observes, Senator Teller "was not the only one to express doubt about the beneficial results to be derived from freeing this material from the burden of a prohibitive tax. This is a matter which only experience can settle, but unless the people of this country are inferior in enterprise, ingenuity, and industry to those of several countries of Europe, it will prove of great benefit." Senator Aldrich himself, however, who at first opposed the bill, deprecated the fact that the bill will not apply to the manufacture of sulfuric ether. Ether is used in a large number of manufactured articles that could be much cheapened if the alcohol bill permitted the use of alcohol for ether manufacture.

Some of the articles that, according to *The Journal of Commerce*, will be affected by the production of free alcohol are artificial silk, smokeless powder, picture-frames and moldings, coal-tar dyes, shellacs and varnishes, furniture and other polished wood products, electric generators and motors, stiff and silk hats, transparent soap, and fusel oil. All of these things should, with the advent of free alcohol, be reduced in price, if not improved in value.

In Germany, the New Orleans *Picayune* points out, "special lamps have been made to use alcohol, which give a better light at lower cost than kerosene." *The Picayune* adds, moreover:

"Practical experiments have proven that denatured alcohol can



THE TABLES TURNED.

(The packers who smiled over Judge Humphrey's ruling in March now have something else to think about.)

—Thorndike in the Philadelphia *Press*.



NO IMMUNITY BATH THIS TIME.

—Rogers in the New York *Herald*.

PENANCE AND PURIFICATION.

be used in motors very much as gasolene is used, and its use is just as economical and much less dangerous than that fluid. Moreover, there is not the same disagreeable odor in the use of alcohol, which is inseparable from the employment of gasolene.

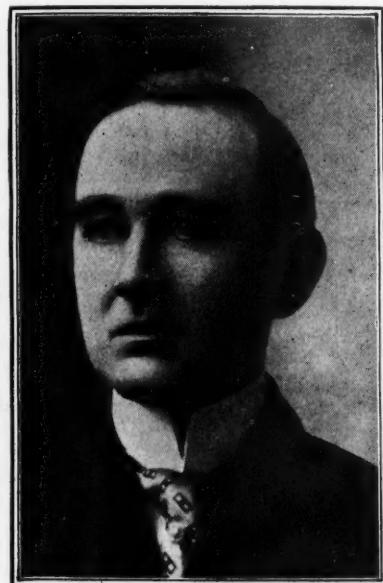
"Now that the price of gasolene has risen so much owing to the extensive employment of automobiles, motor-boats, and small gasolene engines in stationary plants, the advent of another and similar motive power will be welcomed. Alcohol with the tax removed can be manufactured very cheaply, and its increased use in the arts is certain to greatly increase the volume manufactured. This will afford a profitable market for a great deal of grain and other products from which alcohol can be procured. Some refuse products which are now practically valueless will become of use for the extraction therefrom of alcohol."

This kind of alcohol, thinks the *Denver Republican*, "will come into such general use that an enormous quantity will be manufactured, and in consequence farmers will find a new market for much of their product." Indeed, even the wood-alcohol industry need not necessarily go to the wall by the advent of free alcohol a year hence, because, as the *Springfield Republican* remarks, "wood alcohol is said to be an excellent denaturing material." Take it all in all, *The Republican* concludes: "It is a measure which promises to affect, profoundly and most advantageously, the whole industrial life of the country."

THE IDES OF MARCH IN TAMMANY.

"NEW times, new birds; new birds, new songs," says the poet Heine, and so, the papers tell us, it is in Tammany Hall. None of the Sullivans, "Big" or "Little Tim," nor yet "Florrie," have ever heard of the poet Heine (excepting one or two Heines in Chrystie Street), but in their own simple speech they may be said to be "right on de job," full of a consciousness that Charles F. Murphy, the present boss of Tammany, must soon be no better than a "has-been." Before the combined intelligence and cunning of the tribe of Sullivan, so numerous and influential, no one short of a Croker could hold his own, and all the New York papers agree that the new reapportionment of New York city, carefully contrived by the Sullivans, has left Murphy weaker and the Sullivans stronger by five district leaders. The reapportionment must be explained. The movement for reapportionment was really of Republican initiation. For many reasons the Republicans

sought it. But to bring it about they needed the help of the Democrats in the Board of Aldermen. Now, "Little Tim" is a Democratic alderman, and he had to be "seen" if anything was to be accomplished. The Sullivans fell in with the plans readily upon certain conditions, and the result was the reapportionment of the city's election districts, thus putting the Sullivans into a powerful position, strategically speaking. They are, too, with Mayor McClellan. Mayor McClellan and Murphy have not been on particularly affectionate terms since the election, when the Mayor rather strangely picked his own slate, without benefit of Murphy. And the Sullivan movement is not weakening; as the *New York Sun* says:



"LITTLE TIM" SULLIVAN,
A rising star in the Sullivan constellation
along the Bowery.

"As a matter of fact the new apportionment has wiped out five leaders who were avowedly among Mr. Murphy's supporters, and the Sullivans will control the territory south of Fourteenth Street. It is understood also that Borough President Ahearn, the Tammany leader of the old Fourth District, has gone over to the Sullivans. Late on Friday afternoon there was a meeting in Mr. Ahearn's office which was attended by Thomas F. Foley of the Second District, Maurice Feathers of the Twenty-eighth, and two or three other friends of the Sullivan side of Tammany Hall. Just what occurred has been kept secret, but since the meeting Mr. Ahearn has told friends of Mayor McClellan, who has the



"BIG TIM" SULLIVAN,
Who "ain't sayin' much"; but on the Bowery they think he will be
the boss of Tammany Hall some day.

Sullivans on his side, that everything was now all right and that there was nothing but peace and harmony so far as he and the Mayor were concerned."

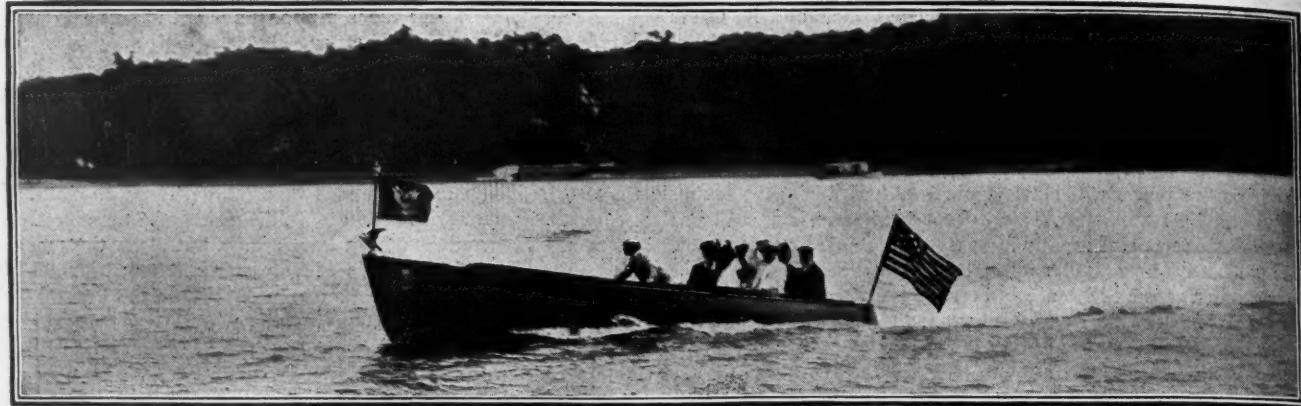
Indeed, as the *New York Herald* points out, the power and influence of the Sullivans are extended to the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens, where the formation of certain useful alliances may help to bring about a "Sullivanized Tammany." Neither Richard Croker nor Charles F. Murphy could compass that. "English, all English, that is my dream," was the expressed aspiration of Cecil Rhodes. "Sullivan, all Sullivan," that is the dream of the Sullivans. *The Herald* adds:

"What is to be the result of the rise of the Sullivans, with the former Bowery newsboy, who is now a Representative in Congress, at their head, no Tammany prophet will venture to predict. The impression is growing, however, that it is not a favorable omen for Charles F. Murphy, the present leader of Tammany Hall. Whether there is a solid foundation for this suspicion will not be certainly known until Tammany is reorganized after the primaries."

The *New York World* calls attention to the rise and progress of "Little Tim," so long overshadowed by "Big Tim," but now coming into his own at last. To quote:

"'Little Tim' began industrial life as the City Hall bootblack. 'Big Tim' was then an Assemblyman, doing the best he could for his constituency, which included several hundred Sullivans. The appointment as City Hall bootblack was the best he could do for 'Little Tim.'

"Step by step 'Little Tim' has climbed the political ladder. When 'Big Tim' went to the State Senate 'Little Tim' was his



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"DART."

President Roosevelt and friends in the *Dart* at Oyster Bay.

confidential clerk. When 'Big Tim' went to Congress 'Little Tim' became the alderman for the Bowery.

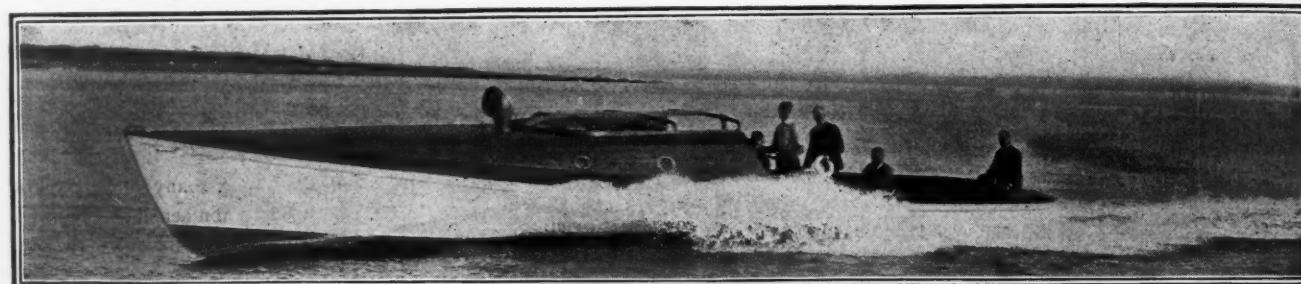
"Little Tim" is richer than 'Big Tim.' He has not made so much money, but he has taken better care of it. In appearance he looks more like a lawyer's clerk or a bank-teller than an alderman. He is abstemious, easy of speech, well-dressed, and above all a manipulator."

FUTURE OF MOTOR-BOATING.

ACCORDING to Mr. H. H. Everett, who writes in the June *Cosmopolitan*, the development of the motor-boat has reached a stage where speed alone ceases to be the aim of the

of ultimate commercial use," as has been the case with the automobile. He remarks that "how long before the mermaid of motordom will become the argosy of motordom is difficult to forecast," but, arguing again by analogy from the evolution of the automobile, he decides that the practical American will no longer be content with a mere cockle-shell plaything. Speed it must have "to satisfy his sporting proclivities," but with speed the motor-boat must combine a substantiality which will permit of broader usefulness.

Parallel with this utilitarian development, however, the writer shows that remarkable progress is still being made in increasing



THE "VERITAS."

With a horse-power of over 200, this boat has attained a speed of nearly 28 miles an hour.

builder. Yesterday, he writes, the motor-boat was constructed for mere sport, and speed at the sacrifice of all else was the chief specification in the builder's contract. To-day the boat must combine with exceptional speed the ability to meet the requirements of an owner seeking recreation for himself and family. It must serve, he says, as a touring-car of the waterways. The next step in its evolution, a step, by the way, which is even now in process, according to Mr. Everett, is "development along the lines

the speed of water craft. While to-day a rate of from twenty to thirty miles an hour is not exceptional, the writer predicts that in a few years the development of the hydroplane of De Lambert will make possible a mile-a-minute boat. This French plan, adapted from the application by the Englishman Froude of the "skipping-stone" principle, is thus described by the writer:

"It has five planes placed horizontally beneath the hulls, which, when the power is applied and the boat moves forward, lift the



THE "ARGO," OWNED BY MR. G. W. CHILDS DREXEL, OF PHILADELPHIA,

Capable of developing an aggregate horse-power of 250 and a speed of over thirty miles per hour. This boat is of generous proportions—sixty-two feet in length with six feet of beam.



A SECRET MEETING OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL-DEMOCRAT GROUP IN THE DOUMA.

boat clear of the water and 'skip' the surface. Great power would naturally be required should the hulls of the boat, with the planes beneath, remain submerged, but the resistance of the water, on the same principle as the resistance of the air to the aeroplane, brings the planes to the surface and, of course, lifts the craft clear of the water. De Lambert's motor-boat has a length of twenty feet, a beam of ten, and, with only a 12 horse-power motor, attains a speed of twenty-five miles an hour."

By adapting the same principle to boats of higher horse-power Mr. Everett is confident that the next few years will see nearly as great advances in motor-boat speeding as recent years have seen in the automobile. At present, however, particularly in America, "the tendency, away from the racing machine pure and simple, is toward the comfortable wide-beam cruising boat that is capable of carrying an entire family through a summer outing." This tendency is shown in the *Argo* and the *Veritas*, two of the fastest and at the same time most comfortable of the up-to-date boats. These racers, built during the enthusiasm which followed the record-breaking speed attained by the *Standard* in June, 1904, are of comparatively enormous horse-power, but so substantially built, says the writer, that one could safely go to sea in them. "Their makers have followed the saner trend of motor-boat progress," he says.

Even in Europe the tendency is more and more toward the combining of utility with speed. In America, however, he finds the greatest progress in the cruising type. He writes:

"The recent motor-boat carnival in Florida and the last contest for the Gold Challenge Cup of the American Motor-Boat Association held on the St. Lawrence River, among the Thousand Islands, proved this. The gold cup was won last by the motor-boat *Chip*, which is owned by a Philadelphian, Mr. J. Wainwright, who, however, belongs to the Chippewa Yacht Club, whose club-house is on the St. Lawrence River.

"But the significant feature of the race was that it was won on a course about which were grouped one hundred and seventy motor-boats. They were of all classes, from the 1½ horse-power kicker to the palatial steam yacht, and they came from all parts of the country. Some were from New York city, several were from Philadelphia, while one came from the farther end of the Great Lakes. And in nearly every case the owner of the boat, and often his family, made the journey from home to the scene of the race on board the boat."

THE LOOMING OF THE DOUMA.

IF the Czar of Russia could only see the unwisdom of his policy as American newspapers see it, there would be hope for a speedy mending of Russia's ills. But the Czar's errors, thinks the *New York Times*, "will be made plain in time," and the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*, among many other papers, gives the Douma great credit for its common sense and moderation. The great mistake of the Czar, the press think, was to ignore the Douma's demand for a new ministry in which it could have confidence. Ready obedience to all the Douma's demands would probably have the same effect in destroying the power of the Czar, but the press dwell chiefly on the effects of going counter to the Douma's wishes. Despatches to the *London Times* tell of mass-meetings among the peasants who are unanimous for supporting their Douma representatives as against the "Little Father," no longer a divinity in the peasant heart, but an enemy of the people. An illuminating editorial in the *New York Sun* explains the folly of the Czar's drifting policy in this way:

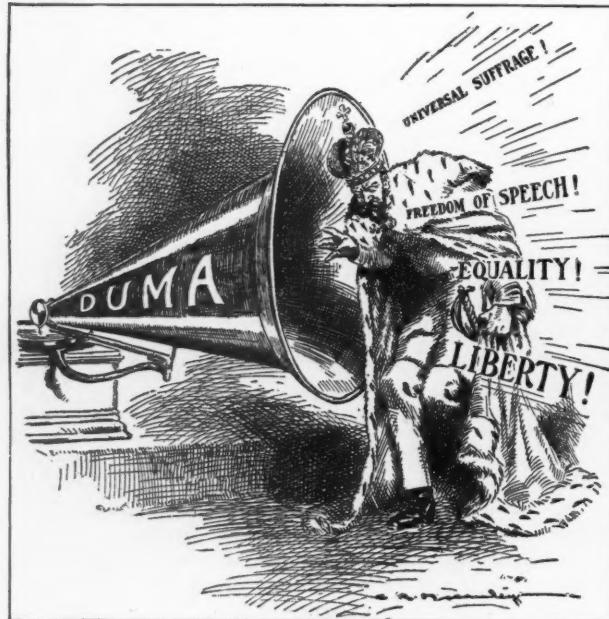
"When last week the Douma by an almost unanimous vote rejected the ministerial program announced by Premier Goremykin and insisted on the substitution of a ministry that should have its confidence, the demand should have been granted at once or else the popular assembly should have been dissolved on the specious pretext that it had violated the so-called Fundamental Law promulgated on May 7. If the Czar's counsellors, with an eye on Paris, deemed it prudent still to adhere ostensibly to the scheme of representative institutions, they should have taken a leaf from the book of Louis Napoleon and have ordered forthwith a new general election to be conducted on the basis of universal suffrage. Then a course could have been adopted which Count Witte refused to pursue, that is, the whole tremendous machinery of seduction and coercion which is at the disposal of the Government could have been applied to the electorate. But if recourse was to be made to that dishonest expedient there should have been no delay. With every hour the conviction is becoming more widespread and more deep-rooted among the peasants that their once beloved 'Little Father' is no longer worthy of their trust and that they must look for relief from famine to the Douma and not to the sovereign. With every hour the rank and file of the regular army, with possibly the transient exception of the Imperial Guards, is becoming irremediably infected with the spirit of

revolution. How could it be otherwise? Are not the private soldiers the sons and brothers of the starving peasants?

"We repeat that under the circumstances the worst possible conclusion at which the Czar could arrive is precisely that which his shifty nature has led him to form. He has made up his mind, we are told, to take no formal note of the Douma's demand for a responsible ministry, but, on the other hand, to refrain from any official act likely to exasperate the people's representatives, and to wait patiently until the end of June, when the members of the Douma will naturally desire a long vacation, and may be assumed, therefore, not to object to a prorogation. Nicholas II. appears not to see that such a policy of temporization requires the assent of both parties to the controversy. Suppose the Douma should refuse to hear a word from any member of the censured ministry and should drive from the Chamber with execration any one who tried to make a statement. Would it be possible for a self-respecting sovereign to overlook such flouting of his lieutenants? Then again, suppose the Douma when the end of June arrives should treat the ukase proroguing it with defiance and derision? It would but imitate the course followed by the Long Parliament and by the French National Assembly, both of which bodies when the crisis came declared themselves in permanent session. We doubt if there is a single member of the Douma—we do not except even the peasant delegates—who is not by this time familiar with the stirring and illuminating British and French precedents.

"It is plain enough in retrospect that if the Czar had granted promptly and cheerfully the demand for ministerial responsibility and had entrusted the formation of a ministry to a representative of the Constitutional Democrats, who hitherto have dominated the Douma, he would by implication have accepted that party's solution of the agrarian problem, a solution acceptable to the mass of the peasantry. By that act he would have gone far to re-establish himself in the hearts of the agriculturists, who form the great majority of his people, and he would at the same time have strengthened immensely the Constitutional Democrats in the national legislature. As it is he has weakened, perhaps irreparably, the only political party qualified to bring about a peaceful transition between an autocratic and a constitutional form of government. Simultaneously he has given a signal accession of strength to the Social Democrats, who insist that the Douma should resolve itself into a constituent assembly and proceed without the slightest regard to the Czar or the Council of the Empire to formulate a Constitution.

"In a word, the Czar may soon discover that for a sovereign in his predicament there is no safe and tranquil *via media*. He must agree with the Douma quickly or else take to the sword, by which he would almost certainly perish."



HIS MASTER'S VOICE.
—Macauley in the New York *World*.

THE CZAR'S MASTER.

THE BOMB AT THE WEDDING.

THE bomb directed at King Alfonso and his bride on their wedding-day calls forth mostly expressions of sympathy for the young pair whose greatest day was thus marred by bloodshed. The picture of the two lovers bowing and smiling to an adoring populace amid a shower of roses, and then suddenly plunged into desolation amid the dead and the maimed, the assassin's handiwork all about, naturally excites pity and sympathy in this country. His subsequent behavior, too, goes to the heart of the American people. As the New York *Sun*'s correspondent describes it:

"The royal procession was panic-stricken. The King, however, quickly recovered himself, and speaking through a broken window of the royal carriage, inquired what damage had been done. He immediately sent an orderly to reassure his mother and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Then his Majesty, raising his voice, commanded the procession to move on. Queen Victoria was deathly pale, but she smiled courageously. At that moment all the King's thoughts were evidently for her. He patted her arm and spoke to her continuously all the way to the palace."

All the same, some papers see very good cause for the bomb thrown at Madrid. "Spain," says the Philadelphia *Press*, "is swept with famine, weighted with taxes, and without hope." *The Press* goes on:

"Of the shouting thousands who saw the lavish expenditure of royal nuptials forced on the public gaze, many only taste meat once a week, some are always near hunger, and of the peasantry who fill the streets of Madrid many lead lives laborious and ill-fed beyond American imagining. These things do not improve. They grow worse rather."

"Out of them came anarchy, the bomb, and the explosion of dynamite, while the wedding salutes still rang in the air. The world of organized society is close linked. Not even a young king in the hour of marriage can escape the results of misgovernment or the sure fruit of misrule."

"Even in this land anarchy and the anarchist can only be excluded, not by immigration laws, but by keeping all prosperous, all sharing the advantages of life, and none feeling the bitterness of unredressed wrong."

But comparatively few papers join *The Press* in showing that the bomb was but the inevitable punishment due the young King. "In the attempt on the life of young King Alfonso and his bride," says the New York *Evening Post*, "anarchism has fairly sur-



POSTPONING THE INEVITABLE.
—Davenport in the New York *Evening Mail*.

passed its own records of inhuman histrionism. In fact, the sense of an effective scene appears to be an essential part of the emotional equipment of a political assassin. An abnormal egotism must lie at the root of such seeming self-sacrifice." *The Post* adds:

"Like most ruthless deeds, this is calculated to defeat its own purpose. The peril of the sympathetic young monarch is likely to win him affection even among his political enemies. The congratulations of mankind go out to him and his bride, for even assassination is bound to observe certain decencies. The bridegroom might have been held exempt, for the day, by those who regard the crowned head as the proper target for their bombs."

Some papers reason from the Madrid case that we in this country are just as much menaced by anarchism as any European country. To quote the *New York World*:

"To the Anarchists of the United States and Europe the man who concealed a bomb in a bouquet and hurled it into the midst of the royal wedding party at Madrid yesterday is a hero. To be sure he did not succeed in murdering the King and his bride, but he killed some sixteen other persons, and to the disordered brain of the Anarchist this generous destruction of human life is a great victory for human liberty.

"There was a time when the people of the United States stood apart and regarded these crimes as peculiar to European society. The assassination of President McKinley taught them that the hand of the Anarchist is raised against all government, good and bad alike. The Anarchist problem is international. It has come to concern the people of this country no less than the people of other countries. The hand that hurled a bomb in Madrid yesterday may hurl another in Washington to-morrow, and yet we are told from time to time that these universal enemies of society ought to be treated with great consideration lest we make 'martyrs' of them."

THE PUNISHMENT OF LYNCHERS.

ACCORDING to the statements of the press, Mr. John F. Shipp, sheriff of Hamilton County, Tenn., blames the United States Supreme Court for the lynching of Ed Johnson, of Chattanooga, on March 19. But for the interference of this meddlesome body, he is reported as asserting, the due course of the law would have been worked out. Says Mr. Shipp:

"The people of Hamilton County were willing to let the law take its course until it became known that the case would probably not be disposed of for four or five years by the Supreme Court of the United States. The people would not submit to this, and I do not wonder at it."

Mr. Shipp is now under indictment on the charge of contempt of court. Under the same indictment are eight of his deputy sheriffs and seventeen citizens of Chattanooga suspected of having been participants in the murder of Johnson. An account of his lynching appeared in our issue of April 7.

The striking characteristic of this case, as viewed by the press, is the fact of the indictment on the charge of contempt when, to prove contempt, it must first be shown that the men indicted are guilty of murder. The *Boston Transcript* remarks upon this anomaly of the law and suggests a remedy:

"Punishment for contempt of court appears to be the only penalty possible in this case, and that may be made heavy enough to deter a repetition of the offense. Only when the statutes of the United States are violated or its jurisdiction invaded can the United States courts take cognizance of offenses. Were there a Federal statute against lynching we should probably hear of few instances of lynch law. Owing to the existing constitutional line of demarcation between the nation and the States the suppression of lynching must be left to State authorities. In the fact that the United States can protect an American citizen against oppression abroad and is powerless to shield him in his own State against violent denial of his civic rights lies the suggestion that there is a gap in our Federal laws that some day may be filled 'by appropriate legislation.'"

The local grand jury, summoned to find indictments for murder against these lynchers, failed to return any indictments at all. Whereupon the Supreme Court did what it could to vindicate its authority, and is now receiving the commendations of an interested public. A widely expressed wish of the newspapers, in the words of the *Buffalo Express*, is "that the punishment will be severe enough to impress the members of the mob and their friends and citizens generally with the idea that an order of the United States Supreme Court is not to be trifled with." Moreover, says the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*, any punishment at all for lynching "would be such a novelty in this country that it would afford some relief to one's sense of justice." That it is high time for some check to be applied to the lynch lawlessness is widely agreed. "It is the most appalling evil in America to-day," laments the *Washington Star*, and the *Springfield Republican* deprecates that public apathy by which "our lynchers generally lose no social status by their performances" and because of which "the punishment of them by the local courts almost never is brought about."

For the most salutary results, prosecution should be both speedy and simple, in the opinion of the *New York Press*. Says this paper:

"To imprison lynchers for contempt of court is much simpler and quicker than to put them through the difficult process of prosecution by sympathetic district attorneys and conviction by juries of their neighbors. Let every court summon lynchers and punish them just as if the prisoner were taken out from under the nose of the judge to the rope or torch, and the lawless will think twice before they outrage the process of law."

A Southern view is seen in the facetious comment of the *Richmond and Manchester News-Leader*, which remarks upon the growth of the lynch "habit," and incidentally assails the public and the public's officers through whose negligence such conditions exist. It suggests that, owing to the apparent popularity of the crime, a national lynching association should be formed. A general method of procedure is outlined:

"This should include, as members of the lynching teams, sheriffs and deputies, with requirements defining at what precise stage of the proceedings they shall reluctantly hand over the jail keys and scot to the outskirts; the judges and commonwealth's attorneys of the local courts; the eminent citizens whose part it is to plead in vain for the law to take its course; the cooler heads whose counsel does not prevail; the grand juries which fail to find any evidence; the coroners and juries which return verdicts of 'death at the hands of parties unknown.'"

TOPICS IN BRIEF.

THE Czar would like to be the Speaker Cannon of the Douma.—*Houston Chronicle*.

If the muck-rake did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it.—*New York Evening Post*.

PERHAPS President Cassatt is sorry now that he cut off those passes from the Congressmen.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE Senate is rather insistently calling Mr. Burton's attention to the cabalistic numeral 23.—*Newark News*.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT can hardly be classed as "a man of clay," his principal constituent element being sand.—*Chicago News*.

THE war against tainted meat promises to be considerably more effective than the war against tainted money.—*New York Sun*.

PRESIDENT CASSATT is inclined to be defiant. So were the heads of some of the big life-insurance companies at first.—*Chicago News*.

AMONG the new popular songs we note the refined ballad by G. F. Baer, entitled "Everybody Grafts but the Reading."—*Chicago News*.

WHEN Mr. Bryan hears that Licking County, Ohio, has indorsed him for the Presidency, he is sure to be reminded of something.—*Washington Post*.

GROVER CLEVELAND boasts that he never had a manuscript rejected by a publisher. Grover ought to try to write something incog.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

TOM WATSON would feel at home in the Russian Douma, as the principal object of most of its members appears to be to find out what they are there for.—*Baltimore American*.

LETTERS AND ART.

CARL SCHURZ ON THE USES OF ENGLISH AND GERMAN.

THE late Carl Schurz, who added to a remarkable command of his native German such a mastery of English that "he appeared to have penetrated the very spirit of the alien speech," and could in either tongue "be playful or powerfully argue, soar or thunder, and do it with the facility and grace of one to the vernacular born," has indicated (in an interview recently published in the Milwaukee *Germania*) some interesting points of comparison between English and German. Mr. Schurz carried his achievement into the field of literature as well as of oratory, his "Life of Henry Clay" and his various contributions to periodicals having secured him, according to *The Evening Post*, "a high rank as a man of letters." When asked in which language he preferred to think and write, he always answered that his preference depended upon the purpose and the occasion. We read:

"For public speeches I should, as a rule, prefer the English, partly because of the greater simplicity of its syntactic constructions, and partly because the articulation is mechanically easier and less tiring to the speaker. I should also give it the preference for political and commercial discussions, inasmuch as its terminology is more complete and more exact. But for philosophy or poetry, and for the more intimate expressions of family life, German is superior.

"Occasionally I have had to translate my own speeches from one language into the other; and I always found that my German vocabulary supplied me far more readily with equivalents for what I had said in English than conversely. I find more untranslatable words and phrases in my German than in my English."

We learn that the explanation is not to be sought in the supposition that Mr. Schurz's knowledge of German was more intimate than his knowledge of English, but rather in the peculiar genius of the language itself. Thus we read:

"It is a significant fact that, altho German is said to be unwieldy, it nevertheless possesses far more excellent translations than the literature of any other country, whereas translations from the German, especially of German poetry, are, with a few exceptions, distinctly inferior. There is no great writer of striking worth such as Horace, Virgil, Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Molière, Victor Hugo, Tolstoy, whose works have not been translated into German in a manner worthy of the original. The translations of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' by Heinrich Voss are incomparable. And many of Shakespeare's plays which at first seem to mock the very possibility of any translation have become in German renderings the wonder of the world. . . . On the other hand, translations of German masterpieces are, with very few exceptions, most pitiful failures. Among the few exceptions, which by their very splendor only prove the rule, I would place Bayard Taylor's translation of 'Faust.'

"This extraordinary abundance in German literature of translations which stand on a level with their originals—thus making those originals in a sense a part of German literature—make the study of German imperative for any one endeavoring to acquire a truly literary education."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

How Rodin Works.—Rodin, interviewed by Mr. Gsell for *La Revue Générale* (Paris), gives us a glimpse of the methods of work which have resulted in his strikingly individual contributions to the art of sculpture. "Drawing," he states, "is the first master of the young sculptor, and he who uses his pencil most often will, in the end, produce the best statuary." Rodin's studio at Mendon, close to Paris, is filled with examples of his own handiwork with the pencil. That these show a remarkable mastery of line may be gathered from a remark of the famous cartoonist, Caran d'Ache, who said, after inspecting them: "If Rodin ever turns to black-and-white work, I shall first ask him to give me lessons in sculpture." But it is the need of studying the "varying expression" of

the human body—which he claims is almost as changeful, and as much an index to the soul, as the expression of the face—that Rodin specially emphasizes. His own method of studying the body in all its phases is thus described in his own words as reported by Mr. Gsell:

"At times I have two or three models in my studio, perhaps a youth and two boys. I allow them to wander at their own will round the place, sometimes examining my works of art, or talking to themselves, or smoking. At any moment when one of them strikes an attitude which I would like to catch I ask him to maintain it while I reproduce. In this way I can seize the wonderful expression of the body, that expression being almost as diversified and changeful as the expression of the face, and each phase of the mind having a corresponding expression in the body. I have, indeed, from my study of my models, evolved a kind of physiopsychology which I am happily able to convey to my statuary. Until the young sculptor first learns how to seize and express the soul that is in the lines and movements of the human body, he can not pretend to be up to the demands of his art."

Referring to the active hostility so long manifested against his work by the Institute of Sculptors, Rodin predicted that when sculptors emancipated themselves, as he had done, from "the thralldom of incompetent judges," a new era would be inaugurated for art.—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

THREE TENDENCIES OF THE MODERN NOVEL.

AT last a critic not only assures us that "the renaissance of the novel is bound to come," but he reveals the definiteness of his faith by describing the three main lines along which the revived art of fiction will manifest itself. It is not doomed to be supplanted by the drama, as some writers have predicted, nor to sink into permanent decadence through lack of competent criticism, as others fear. Nor are we to brood any longer over that gloomy picture of the time when all the world will be writing novels, and nobody left to read them. Mr. Gustave Kahn, who writes in *La Nouvelle Revue* (Paris), would dispel for us the forebodings which have been of late so diligently fostered by less optimistic critics. When the coming revival of this most popular art arrives, says Mr. Kahn, its salient feature will probably be "a recurrence to the more classic simplicity of foregone masters"—a reaction from the "decorative and imaginative excesses of the present-day novel." The demand for the new novel, he asserts, is to be met with among three distinct types of readers. Of these, and of the three types of novel which will result, we read:

"There are the readers who ask for a revival of the paradoxical or the fantastic novel; others who want the novel which deals with exoticism and which goes to show that a man changes his nature with his climate; and yet others who wish the past, whether ancient or medieval, brought before their minds in a new way.

"Mr. Wells, with such books as his 'When the Sleeper Awakes,' is at present the chief purveyor of fiction to the first class. This very numerous class of readers proves the existence of a great vein of latent optimism among the modern masses, since the tendency of the new novelists of Mr. Wells's type is to deal in ideal utopias. . . . The second class is already catered to by Mr. Claude Farrère, whose work 'Les Civilises' is a harbinger of a new type of novel. Tho he seeks the lands which Pierre Loti and Rudyard Kipling have familiarized among the readers of two hemispheres, he by no means imitates either the one or the other. There is in his style less of an effort at bringing images of the Far East to the reader's mind, by a surfeit of word-painting, than there is a wholesome tendency to reproduce impressions by a simple diction. 'Cinematographic' is the word which most fittingly describes the growing school of this style, which is characterized by great brightness of description in dialog and situation. . . . For the third class of readers, there is a noteworthy return to the epic and the chivalric among novelists. There is a marked disposition to apply the psychological tests, which modern research has given us, to

heroes of the past, to the motives which governed their actions in love, religion, and the affairs of life. The result can not fail to be illuminating, since it will afford the modern reader a much better insight into the character of our ancestors and give him, at the same time, a better measure of the past as compared with the present. The new technic will take hold of the old legend and reconstruct it, giving it a more profound psychological aspect and a clearer grasp of the philosophy of events."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

OUR GREATEST, OR OUR WORST, ACTOR?

NOBODY has ever regarded dramatic criticism as an exact science. Nevertheless many will doubtless feel a sense of bewilderment in reading the diametrically opposite estimates of Richard Mansfield which appear in recent numbers of two of our widely circulated monthly magazines. Wide divergence of opinion in regard to a new actor causes little surprise; but when an artist has been as long before the public as Mr. Mansfield, it is amusing to hear one critic dubbing him unequivocally "our worst actor," while another proclaims him the inheritor of the mantle of Sir Henry Irving. The latter estimate is defended by Mr. Clay M. Greene, writing in *The Munsey*. After weighing the claims of Beerbohm Tree, E. S. Willard, Forbes Robertson, Martin Harvey, Lewis Waller, George Alexander, and Arthur Bourchier, of the British stage, and of E. H. Sothern, Otis Skinner, and Richard Mansfield in America, Mr. Greene finds that the highest dramatic and managerial honors belong to the last-named in virtue of his combination of "power, vigor, scholarly attainment, and resourceful energy"—qualities which seem to overlap somewhat. Mr. James Huneker, writing in *The Metropolitan Magazine*, admits, but with a critical sigh, that Mr. Mansfield has steadily grown in favor with both audiences and critics until he is to-day the accredited head of the stage in America. Mr. Alan Dale sighs also. Then he invents the question, "Who is our worst actor?" in order that he may elaborate the sigh. His answer is, "Mr. Richard Mansfield." Mr. Mansfield is the worst actor, we are told, "because he uses a restricted personality in rôles that are to him impossible." His chief defects are listed as "a choppy utterance, an unsympathetic personality, and a ludicrous overemphasis." Mr. Dale expresses these opinions in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, from which we quote further:

"Few actors arrive at the stage when people are too lazy to criticize them, and accept them at their own valuation. Mr. Mansfield is one of the few, and one is bound to admire his position, so strenuously attained. In spite of which I present this much-lauded actor as my idea of the 'worst.' I do this with all due deference to his zeal as a producer, to the comparatively high quality of his productions, and to his unflagging industry. That he has remained a bad actor after such a long and arduous dalliance with acting is quite wonderful.

"Mr. Mansfield is a victim to mannerisms—mannerisms of speech, walk, gesture, and intonation. This is not individuality, except in its worst sense. Sometimes these mannerisms have ac-

corded with the rôle selected by the actor, and then the result has been most felicitous. The charm of Mansfield's Beau Brummel was very great indeed, and nobody realized it more completely than I did. It was Mansfield himself. It was a great success, and if this success was not due precisely to the art (so-called) of acting, nobody questioned it. Since those days Mr. Mansfield has been a modified Beau Brummel in everything.

"Lured by this success into the belief that he was a great actor, he has attempted rôles that great actors play, with curious results. It is safe to say that nothing quite so bad as his Brutus, in 'Julius Caesar,' has ever been offered by an actor of prominence. Had this Brutus been the work of an unknown actor, he would scarcely have escaped with his skin. It was a cynical, dyspeptic, and finicky Brutus, with the chipper intonations of Beau Brummel, and the heavy, sardonic demeanor of Nero—another rôle, by the by, in which Mr. Mansfield proved his unfitness.

"In the rôles of Brutus, Shylock, and Cyrano, Mr. Mansfield was not only bad as Mr. Mansfield, but he was a bad actor. They were perhaps the worst performances that patrons of high-priced theaters have been asked to view. Mr. Mansfield's ambition, of course, was probably a worthy one. He produced the best he could. He did the best he could, and it was the worst.

"Critics grow indolent. After a time they get lax, and the persistent actor 'passes.' . . . It is pretty certain that an experienced critic who saw Mr. Mansfield for the first time to-day would indorse the view I have set forth.

"A 'box-office' success is no criterion of acting. It is a nice thing to own, notwithstanding. Nine actors out of ten would prefer it to anything else. The tenth wouldn't. In these days it is the man and not the actor who is in evidence. The public goes to see Brutus as Richard Mansfield, for they know the latter and don't care a hang about the former. And the public sees precisely what it goes to see."

Returning to Mr. Greene, we listen to the counsel for the defense:

"It may be said, with small fear of thoughtful contradiction, that fewer of his characterizations are open to adverse critical analysis than of Henry Irving's, and very much fewer than of Beerbohm Tree's.

"The writer believes Mansfield to be the best living exponent of Richard III., and will venture to put his Shylock in second place. There are many who disparage his Cyrano de Bergerac in comparison with Coquelin's, but the present reviewer is not one of them, and his Beaucaire was better than Waller's in spite of the latter's physical superiority. His Don Juan and Henry V. are admirable, and have succeeded without that beauty of figure and visage which to the caviling auditor might seem to be inseparable from these largely pictorial characters.

"It may also be declared, with small fear of convincing contradiction, that Mansfield's versatility is not equaled by any actor of this or the last generation. It should be noted that of late, in obedience to the sound principle that too much versatility is a drawback to lasting greatness, he has added no new comic character to his delicious portraiture of the volatile Prince Karl. He has wisely confined his efforts to his more serious rôles, except when he returns for a night or two to the lighter one in order to secure temporary relaxation from the wear and tear of tragedy.

"None of us has ever seen a more startling enactment of blood-curdling melodrama than is Mansfield's portrayal of Dr. Jekyll and



MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD.

The accredited head of the stage in America, he is nevertheless proclaimed "our worst actor" by one of our best-known dramatic critics.

Mr. Hyde. In mentioning these dual characters we seem to have accorded to him the full gamut of theatric and dramatic possibility, thereby stamping him as one of the best actors of his time.

"Whether he shall eventually succeed to the splendid distinction of becoming the world's most notable producing manager and star is a question for destiny and himself to decide."

GOETHE AS AN ENGLISH POET.

WHEN the Germans claim Shakespeare as almost one of their own on the exploded theory that he was honored in Germany while forgotten in England, we might, by way of retort, adduce evidence in support of a counter-claim that Goethe was an English poet. The verses, however, which constitute this evidence belong to the author's boyhood, and would scarcely achieve, on their own merit, publication even in one of our popular monthly magazines. They are, nevertheless, interesting literary curiosities, concerning which we learn certain details from an article by Dr. Arthur Altschul in the *Glocke*, a new German-American monthly of literature and art edited in Chicago. The article deals with "Goethe's letters to his sister from Leipsic." These letters were reprinted recently in the fourth volume of the great Weimar edition of Goethe's works and are, Dr. Altschul assures us, "invaluable as complementary to 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' for in them the personality of Goethe is brought much nearer to us and appears more definite in its outlines than in his autobiography." Goethe was only sixteen when he arrived in Leipsic. We read further:

"Already in Frankfort he had made considerable studies in languages; he read and wrote French, Italian, English, and Latin with ease, tho not very correctly. In 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' or 'Fiction and Truth,' he tells us how he devised a scheme of making his language lessons more interesting by writing a novel in letters in which seven brothers and sisters scattered all over the world assiduously correspond with each other; two writing in German, one in Latin, one in Italian, one in French, one in English, and one in Yiddish. . . . One-half his letters to his sister are French, but frequently we find English and Latin paragraphs interspersed. . . . The French is rather good, the English faulty and often calculated to arouse our laughter. Expressions such as 'I meated them' or 'I'll say thee the cause thereof' are not infrequent. Once he says in a French letter of certain young ladies 'Ce sont des gooses.' We also find a number of poems in French and in English which, tho by no means perfect, show a respectable facility in the use of both languages.

"Doubts of his poetic inspiration rendered him often melancholy in these days. One letter on this subject is a fair sample of his original English style: 'Any (meaning probably "some") words of myself. Sister I am a foolish boy. Thou knowst it; why should I say it? My soul is changed a little. I am no more a thunderer as I was at Frankfort. I make (probably "create") no more. J'enrage! I am as meek! As meek! Hah, thou believest it not! Many times I become a melancholical one. I know not whence it comes. Then I look at every man with a staring owl-like countenance. Then I go in woods, to streams, I look on the pyed daisies, on the blue violets, I hear the nightingales, the larks, the rooks and daws, the cuckow. And then a darkness comes down my soul a darkness as thick as fogs in October are. In like a situation of my soul, I make english verses—english verses, that a stone would weep. Think on it, sister, thou art a happy maiden, to have a brother who makes english verses. I pray thee be not haughty thereof.' Thereupon follows an English poem written by himself and entitled 'A song over the Unconfidence toward myself.' In this poem he describes how doubts mar all his joy. He is skeptical even of his girl's (Käthen Schoenkopf's) affection:

"She can not love a peevish boy,
She with her godlike face.
Oh could I, friend, that thought destroy,
It leads the golden days.
Another thought in misfortune,
Is death and night to me:
I hum no supportable tune,
I can no poet be."

"At times he asks the Muse to inspire him with a song, but his prayer is unheeded.

"Then curse I, Friend, the fated sky,
And from th' altar I fly;
And to my Friends aloud I cry,
Be happier than I."

"Finally, however, self-confidence returned to his mind and he began to write poetry again"—fortunately, we may add, not in English.—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

HOW MACHINERY DEGRADES LITERATURE.

NOT only is this an age of machinery, asserts Mr. Julian Hawthorne, but it is an age in which the mechanical idea dominates man's mind and molds his spiritual nature. From the law of action and reaction, he argues, this fact results. When man builds a temple, the beautiful building is in the first place the consequence of man's spiritual exaltation, but it straightway becomes the means of his further exaltation. With a difference, says Mr. Hawthorne, the same principle applies in the case of machinery. But "instead of exalting the mind of man to higher and purer and more unselfish conceptions, as the temple did, it draws his mind down to its own level, and below it," until, little by little, "it substitutes for the human spirit in man a machine spirit." To illustrate his point, Mr. Hawthorne asks us to glance—through his eyes—at the predicament of modern literature. Writing in *Appleton's Booklovers' Magazine* he says in part:

"Books—the paper, print, and binding—are, as we know, manufactured by machinery; but we seldom realize that books are, in the vast majority of cases, conceived by machinery also. The ease with which they are produced in material form, and the cheapness of their price, cause them to be read by every one, and the familiarity with methods of literary composition thus acquired enables any one, almost, to write books that publishers will print and the public will read. Now, the sole valid excuse for writing a book used to be—and it still is—that the writer should have something to say which should be faithfully derived from his own personal experience and knowledge, and should not be the mere echo of other minds or the imitation of what others had written. All books should be original, as we say; and no originality, however humble relatively, is unworthy of preservation, provided it be genuine in its degree. Each man sees the world, if he look at it at all, from his individual point of view; no other sees it quite as he does; and if he will tell us his individual vision or version, he has done us an authentic service.

"But, so much of late has man fallen under the dominion of machinery that such service is rarer now than ever before. The writer looks not upon the world, or into his own heart, but into other books. His inspiration comes to him at second hand—at hundredth and thousandth hand. A man determines to make his living by authorship; and first he inquires what manner of books are in fashion. A certain class of subjects, a certain style of presentation, are in vogue; to that class and style he applies himself, without reference to his own predilection. Take any score of books on similar subjects, or any hundred articles or stories of like class in magazines, and you will find that, so far as may be judged from style, phrasing, and purport, they might all have been the work of one individual. They are produced according to formula; they are machine-made and mechanical. They possess all the finish and smoothness of machine-made things; but they lack that precious human individuality which makes us love a book even for its irregularities and imperfections. They are dead; and the peril of them is that we come no longer to perceive the taint of death in them, but accept them at their own valuation, and thus sow the seeds of death in our own minds. Once in an age an authentic spirit arises: a Goethe, an Emerson, a Thackeray, a Turgenev, a Kipling; and for decades thereafter the bookshops are full of monkey imitations of their inspiration. They are the base and debasing product of the literary machine, and are much worse than useless. For if we could keep the machine to its own level and function, small mischief would ensue; but because our object in the production of machines is unspiritual

and antihuman, they have power to subject us to themselves, and exercise their influence in spheres where it is a profanation."

Mr. Hawthorne dismisses us at last with the assurance that the day will come when we shall perceive the worthlessness and iniquity of "books written by machinery." Then "real books written by human writers will again appear."

THE MAN WHO MADE A NEW PROSE STYLE.

THE defenders of Pater's prose style have been few but devoted. The latest, Mr. A. C. Benson, in his recent life of Walter Pater, contributed to the English Men of Letters Series, declares that this writer struck out a line distinctly new when he produced a prose style with qualities allied to the sister arts of music and painting. The best prose writers of the century, he says, had tended to write prose in a prosaic manner. "Landor had aimed at a Greek austerity of style." "Macaulay had brought to perfection a bright, hard-balanced method of statement, like the blowing of sharp trumpets." The style of such men "made no appeal to the heart or the spirit." Carlyle, he says, differed from these in being "overburdened with passionate metaphysics," but he had no catholicity of grasp, and his picturesqueness had little subtlety or delicacy, because his admiration for certain qualities and types blinded him to finer shades of character. With these Pater had nothing in common, declares Mr. Benson, who proceeds to point out others with whom he had certain affinities, albeit displaying a marked individuality of his own. Thus:

"The writers with whom he is more nearly connected are Charles Lamb, De Quincey, Newman, and Ruskin. He was akin to Charles Lamb in the delicacy of touch, the subtle flavor of language; and still more in virtue of his tender observation, his love of interior domestic life. He has a certain nearness to De Quincey in the impassioned autobiographical tendency, the fondness for retrospect, which Pater considered the characteristic of the poetical temperament. He is akin to Newman in respect of the restraint, the economy of effect, the perfect suavity of his work; but none of these probably exerted any very direct influence upon him. Ruskin perhaps alone of the later prose-writers had a permanent effect on the style of Pater. He learnt from Ruskin to realize intensely the suggestiveness of art, to pursue the subjective effect upon the mind of the recipient; but tho the rich and glowing style of Ruskin enlarged the vocabulary of Pater, yet we can trace the time when he parted company with him, and turned aside in the direction of repression rather than volubility, of severity rather than prodigality.

"It may be said, then, that Pater really struck out a new line in English prose, working on the principles enunciated by Flaubert in a widely different region. The essence of his attempt was to produce prose that had never before been contemplated in English, full of color and melody, serious, exquisite, ornate. He devoted equal pains both to construction and ornamentation. Whether he is simple and stately, whether he is involved and intricate, he has the contrast always in view. His object was that every sentence should be weighted, charged with music, haunted with echoes; that it should charm and suggest, rather than convince or state. The danger of the perfection to which he attained is the danger of over-influence, seductive sweetness; the value is to suggest the unexplored possibilities of English as a vehicle for a kind of prose that is wholly and essentially poetical. The triumph of his art is to be metrical without meter, rhythmical without monotony. There will, of course, always be those whom this honeyed, labored cadence will affect painfully with a sense of something stifling and over-perfumed; and, indeed, the merits of a work of art can never be established by explanation or defended by argument; but to such as can apprehend, feel, enjoy, there is the pleasure of perfected art, of language that obeys and enriches the thought, of calculated effect, of realization, with a supreme felicity of the intention of the writer."

The defect of Pater's style is its lack of lucidity, and by this lack he is judged perhaps by the majority of readers. "The demand for lucidity is, no doubt, to a great extent modern," said G.

W. Smalley in *The Tribune* at the time of Pater's death. "But," he continues, "as Mr. Pater was a modern writer he must be content to accept the conditions of modern life and be tried by the standards which prevail in these days and not by those of earlier days." To this position Mr. Benson practically comes in saying that one does not praise Pater's works "as the perfection of style," adding, in qualification, that "there is a limpidity and lucidity of prose style . . . to which no style that depends upon elaborateness and artifice can attain." But he claims for Pater that "he realized his own conception of perfection," and he argues that Pater's style "must be appraised rather than criticized, accepted rather than judged." To feel the charm one must sympathize, to



From a lithograph by Will H. Rothenstein.

WALTER PATER.

"It may be said that Pater really struck out a new line in English prose, working on the principles enunciated by Flaubert in a widely different region. The essence of his attempt was to produce a prose full of color and melody, serious, exquisite, ornate."

some extent, he says, with Pater's philosophy. Upon which he enlarges in the following:

"We see in him a naturally skeptical spirit, desiring to plunge beneath established systems and complacent explanations; and this, in common with an intense sensibility to every hint and intimation of beauty, apprehended in a serious and sober spirit; not the spirit that desires to possess itself of the external elements, but to penetrate the essential charm. Yet it is not the patient and untroubled beauty of nature, of simple effects of sun and shade, of great mountains, of wide plains, but of a remote and symbolic beauty, seen by glimpses and in corners, of which he was in search—beauty with which is mixed a certain strangeness and mystery, that suggests an inner and a deeper principle behind, intermingled with a sadness, a melancholy, that is itself akin to beauty.

"There is always an interfusion of casuistical and metaphysical thought with Pater's apprehension of beauty; he seems to be ever desirous to draw near to the frankness, the unashamed happiness, of the Greek spirit, but to be forever held back by a certain fence of skepticism, a malady of thought.

"Yet the beauty of which he takes account is essentially of a religious kind; it draws the mind to the further issue, the inner spirit. All the charm of ritual and ceremonial in worship has for Pater an indefinable and constant attraction. He is forever recurring to it, because it seems to him to interpret and express an emotion, a need of the human spirit, whose concern is to comprehend if it can what is the shadowy figure, the mysterious will, that moves behind the world of sight and sense."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

VESUVIUS AFTER THE ERUPTION.

AN interesting letter describing the present condition of Vesuvius and the havoc wrought by the recent eruption, and deducing some useful lessons from the occurrence, is written to the *Boston Evening Transcript* (May 19) by Prof. T. A. Jaggar, Jr., of Harvard, who sailed on April 12 to visit the now quiescent volcano. Professor Jaggar ascended the cone with Professor Matteucci and other scientific men and gives this account of what he saw:

"Vesuvius on the morning of April 25, covered with its mantle of whitish dust, appeared like the pictures of snow-clad Fujiyama. The dust gave a weird, ghostly appearance to the landscape, mantling over and obscuring the contorted folds of ancient lava. The powdery appearance was confined to the volcano and its flanks, and diminished as one looked farther and farther from the crater. . . . The railroad below the foot of the cone is occasionally recognizable; above it is almost obliterated. The stations are absolutely gone. Here there is a bent rail sticking straight up into the air; there is a stretch of track still tied together by the sleepers, but bent down the mountain at a right angle, as tho the whole roadbed for a short distance had been swept downward by an avalanche. Everywhere a pall of sand and gravel from one to six feet deep, scoured and etched by the wind to show cross-bedding, ripple-drift patterns, and arrow-shaped accumulations in the lee of pebbles or other stationary objects. . . .

"Climbing the higher slope was not especially difficult, as the footing on the spurs was hard, tho the gullies were filled with deep, soft sand. By following a zigzag route the steepest places were avoided. The hard spurs are either actual bedrock of old lava, or closely plastered and cemented rock fragments, so packed that they could slip no farther. . . . The ground was quite hot at the crater's edge and the sulfurous odor of the vent became perceptible. At no time, however, was this at all disagreeable, as the climbing party was on the windward edge. The suddenness of the appearance of the edge was startling, and it was necessary to be cautious in approaching it as it overhung in places and might easily cave in. The outer slope changed its appearance in no respect. It was simply terminated by a precipice in the opposite direction, and while a howling gale amid opening and shutting clouds blew from the rear, in front was a steaming abyss with rapidly rising billows seen above, and a yawning chasm below showing dimly some smoking crags and clinging boulders in the foreground. Down, down, the slope extended into steam and heat, and right and left the angular edge curved away into the sand-mist. There was no lava visible, tho one member of the expedition thought he caught a glimpse of something glowing through the steam."

What was the origin of the sand and dust cast out in such quantities? Professor Jaggar believes that they were mostly ancient lavas from the walls of the vent and from the demolished cone. He tells us that Professor Bassani, of Naples, suggests that the peculiar sequence of fallen material, first black sand, then glassy lapilli, and lastly red dust, has the following significance:

"The black sand is probably composed of powdered black recent lava of the high conelet of 1905; the glassy lapilli are the shreds and droplets of the lava of the present eruption, partly involved in the explosions from the crater during the period of the greatest flow at Boscotrecase; the red dust is made of the older rusty rocks of the deeper parts of the volcano, attacked during

only the last part of the eruption. This theory has not as yet been tested by microscopic investigation.

"The most striking and unexpected features of the ruin wrought by lava at Boscotrecase are the absence of damage by fire in those parts of the town not invaded, but adjacent to, the lava, and the bouldery surface of the lava itself. It is a great field of tumbled, scoriaceous basaltic blocks of all sizes; not a snaky tangle of congealed slag such as appears in many of the older flows. Apparently the gases emitted made the upper part of the flow very porous, and then this portion solidified and cracked up into large blocks, while the lower part remained fluid and moved forward."

That Ottajano, on the other side of the volcano, was also overwhelmed with lava was reported at the time of the eruption. This is now seen to be untrue. Says the professor:

"The ruin at Ottajano and beyond it at San Giuseppe was due to a simple, single cause—falling sand and gravel. There was no serious earthquake, nor fire, lightning, or wind. The sand and lapilli at Ottajano reach a depth of from three to three and a quarter feet on the level. The stones averaged a third of an inch in diameter, but there were many as large as an apple. The roofs have caved in, carrying with them the débris of the walls, frequently shifting sidewise, and producing puncture, rupture, or total crumbling of the loose masonry. . . . The window-panes were broken, especially on the side away from the volcano, indicating that there was an indraft of wind toward the mountain at the height of the eruption.

Some of the flying pebbles were endowed with such high velocity from their long flight miles up, out, down, and inward that they cut clean holes through the glass."

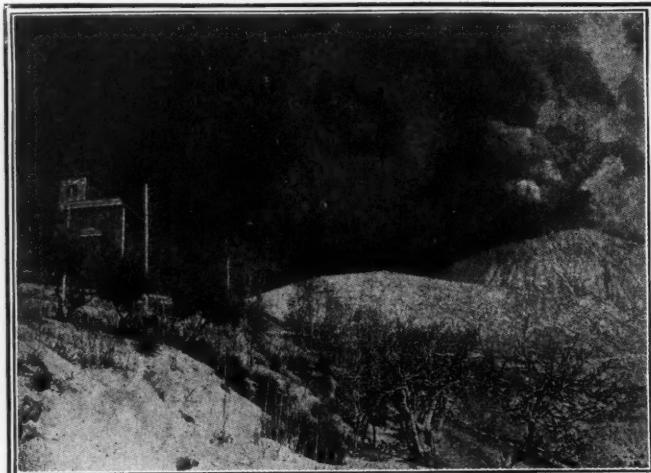
In short, the distinctive feature of this eruption was not the large amount of lava emitted, as was at first reported. It was the large amount of ash thrown out, the lava flows being relatively small. Says the writer:

"Steam was the motive power, pulverizing and hurling skyward the materials of the disrupted cone. The crater suffered much in this process, its rim losing several hundred feet

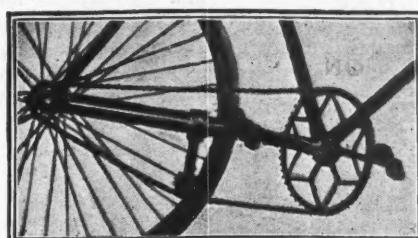
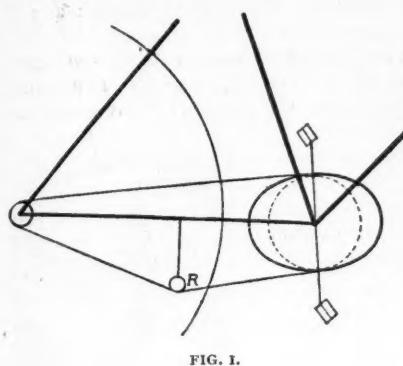
of height and its diameter increasing to many times its former size. With respect to these things the present eruption of Vesuvius more resembles the Pompeian eruption than the later out-breaks characterized by lava. In magnitude the eruption of 1906 is comparable to the greater eruptions since 1631, but there is no reason to believe it of extraordinary intensity. It was unfortunate in its results, as human habitations were in the track of its discharge. Ottajano and Boscotrecase have both suffered in previous eruptions; their distance is within the danger limit. The destruction of the market-place in Naples by a collapsing roof was such as proper precautions might have avoided."

Shall we ever be able to fight such great convulsions as these? Professor Jaggar believes that much of the damage done by Vesuvius, like that at San Francisco, might have been prevented. He says:

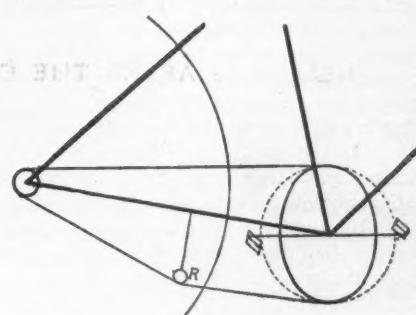
"The destruction of property in both cases was occasioned by the failure of human foresight, and the neglect of those concerned to study practically the question of forewarning. As geology is now progressing, the practical side of disaster from earth forces will never be studied as a distinct branch of science unless it is endowed as such. There is some work of this sort done in Japan, because earthquakes are there a constant menace, and in Europe seismographs are maintained at a few stations, largely by private individuals. . . . Japan has lost more lives by earthquakes and their consequent tidal waves than in the whole Russian war. The United States Weather Service is maintained to study the movements of the atmosphere and thereby aid commerce, navigation,



VESUVIUS AND PROF. MATTEUCCI'S OBSERVATORY AFTER THE ERUPTION.
Showing the snow-clad appearance of the landscape produced by volcanic dust.



CHAIN AND SPROCKET OF DELACROIX'S BICYCLE.
By this device the gear practically changes from high to low in the course of every revolution of the pedals.



and the public safety. This service publishes a monthly bulletin and many maps. There is no parallel service anywhere in the world to study the movements of the earth and the interaction of the earth with its watery and atmospheric envelopes."

The situation is well summed up in the following paragraph, which, tho part of Professor Jaggar's introduction, may appropriately close the present quotations :

"The Galveston, St. Pierre, Calabria, Naples, and San Francisco disasters of the last five years are all examples of the incompetency of man to cope with natural phenomena. Millions have been spent on averting disaster by fire and by sea. The time has come when some money should be spent on the earth's internal energies—forces which, if properly controlled and adequately guarded against, may eventually replace coal in furnishing man with power."

A "RATIONAL" BICYCLE.

THE cyclist finds that his pedals are not always in a position where he can exert his power to the greatest advantage. He would like always to push in a direction at right angles to the pedal-crank, but he can do this strictly only at one point in the revolution. At this point he could manage a much higher-geared cycle than at the others. Now Captain Delacroix, a French inventor, has devised a wheel in which the gear practically changes from high to low in the course of every revolution of the pedals, being highest at the point where the power can best be applied and lowest where it is applied at a disadvantage. This he accomplishes by making his sprocket elliptical instead of round. His cycle, which was first noted in the *Revue du Touring-Club de France* (March), is described as follows in *Cosmos* (Paris, May 5) by H. Cherpin :

"The machine invented by Captain Delacroix is just like the ordinary models, except that the sprocket, instead of being circular, is elliptical. This innovation, the inventor claims, enables the rider to climb hills more easily and with less fatigue, and thus has special advantages in a hilly country.

"The explanation is quite simple. The pedals are mounted on the short axis of the ellipse; consequently, when the pedal is at the highest point (Fig. 1), which is where the cyclist finds the conditions most unfavorable to the exertion of his strength, the arm of the lever against which he pushes is shortest, . . . just as if the machine had a circular sprocket whose diameter was the short axis of the ellipse, as shown in the figure. On the contrary, the cranks are horizontal at the moment (Fig. 2) when the cyclist is able to exert his full strength, and the lever-arm is then equal to the long axis; the gear is thus at the maximum and is that of a bicycle whose sprocket has a diameter equal to the major axis of the ellipse.

"A notable fact is that between these two limiting positions the gear increases in the same ratio as the ability of the cyclist to increase his effort, and inversely, which gives a better utilization of his strength. Suppose, for example, that the minor axis is equal to two-thirds of the major; if the gear is 40 in the case of Fig. 1, it will be 60 in Fig. 2, and it will have, between these two positions, all possible values between 40 and 60.

"This kind of oval sprocket is thus very rational and logical for

hill-climbing. It could not take the place of a well-planned changeable gear, but it seems much superior to the ordinary machine. By experiment it has been shown that it is as easy to climb a 5-per-cent. grade with an oval sprocket as with a circular sprocket of much lower gear. Doubtless on a level road there would be a certain objectionable irregularity in the pedaling, for the rotation of the pedals is not uniform as in the ordinary model; nevertheless, according to the inventor, the change would not be perceptible with an ellipse whose minor axis was three-quarters of the major. With a greater difference a little practise would be necessary.

"There is one difficulty that had to be overcome before the system could be put into practical effect. The elliptical sprocket requires a constant alteration in the length of the chain, so that it can not be used without an auxiliary device of some kind. But we know that if two parallel tangents be drawn to an ellipse, the length of the included arc is constant. This principle may be applied to the present case by making the upper and lower sections of the chain parallel. Captain Delacroix does this easily by using a stretching roller *R* (Figs. 1 and 2), placed in a fixed position on the rear fork of the frame. Evidently the parallelism thus obtained is not perfect; . . . but as the deviation is never great, the length of the chain varies by only a small fraction of an inch and there is no danger of its leaving the sprocket.

"And now, what is to be the future of this invention? If we take into account only the palpable advantages of the system—its great simplicity, the ease with which it may be installed on an ordinary bicycle, and its slight cost—we should predict for it a brilliant success. But we must not forget prejudices and habits, which may perhaps prevent the extended use of the oval sprocket. So we advise those who are interested in the question to make the change themselves, and we hope that the results obtained will justify the attempt."

A CITY IN SANITARY TRANSITION.

THIS term, we are assured by an editorial writer in *The Municipal Journal and Engineer* (New York, May 10), may properly be applied to New Orleans. Members of the Latin-American Convention, recently in session in that city, had an opportunity, he says, of viewing changes that will result in making the place a metropolis, in hygienic conditions, inferior to none. He continues :

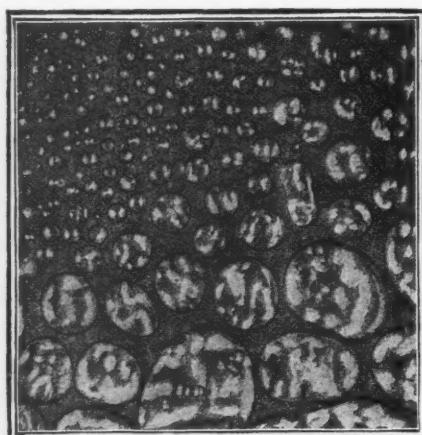
"Members were not compelled to go back far in their memories to recall the conditions of the city, part of it below the river-level all of the time, and all of it below river-level part of the time, when people drank rain-water collected from the roofs, and house drainage ran in open gutters along the streets. Foreseeing the development of trade between the Mississippi Valley basin and the countries to the south and beyond the ocean, the city planned and inaugurated a system of drainage, sewage, and water-works that will be brought to completion within a few years. While these public works are going on, private enterprise is no less active, and improvements of railroad terminals, including miles of wharves and a passenger-station, are in progress. The drainage system is so far extended and is so effective that ground-water, which used to rise to within two feet of the surface, is now found at a depth of ten feet. Immense drains have been constructed, with pumping-stations, delivering water from low to higher levels and finally into the river. The stations now installed have a capacity equal

to a prism of water one-half mile long and ten feet square every minute; when all is finished the pumps will handle four times this volume. Of the sewage system, it is expected that 400 miles will be built by 1908. The largest sewer will be six feet in diameter and laid at a depth of twenty-three feet. The laterals of eight-inch tile will be from five to ten feet deep; at the head of each will be an automatic flush-tank, which will discharge 250 gallons twice a day. There will be 2,000 such tanks. The outlet of the sewers is below the city, where the sewage will be lost in the volume of the river. Within a year nine pumping-stations will be in operation—all distinct from the drainage system, and all contributing to the removal of ground-waters.

LIQUID CRYSTALS.

THE discovery by Lehmann, a German physicist, of what he calls "liquid crystals" was noted in these columns some years ago; in fact, the beginning of his investigations dates back as far as 1889. The name would appear to the ordinary reader a contradiction in terms, and indeed it is yet so regarded by many scientific men. Still, after years of discussion and experiment, the main point of Lehmann's discovery remains undisputed, namely, that drops of certain substances that are undeniably liquid exhibit, when examined under polarized light, phenomena that have always been regarded as distinctively characteristic of crystals. The subject, in its latest developments, is reviewed in

the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris) in a brief article by J. Derôme. This writer looks upon Lehmann's experiments as proving that certain liquids may have a real crystalline structure, and he names a considerable number, all rather complex organic compounds, as, for instance, the alkaline oleates. All show, under the polariscope, the characteristic shadow-



"LIQUID CRYSTALS" AS SEEN BY POLARIZED LIGHT.

cross that indicates crystalline formation. Says Mr. Derôme:

"The arrangement for the optical study of this phenomenon is quite simple: the plate of a polarizing microscope is kept at any desired temperature with the aid of a Bunsen burner, thus enabling the observations to be kept up as long as desired. All degrees of viscosity are met among these substances; pronounced fluidity gives rise to spherical droplets, which grow more elongated as the molecular attractions become more important than the surface tension. . . . These droplets then show, in polarized light, the beautiful tints of polarization, rising from the edge to the center as if the drop were a solid crystalline lens. To such drops Lehmann gives the significant name of 'liquid crystals.'"

Liquid crystals, we are told, present themselves in two principal positions, between which there are all possible forms of transition. In the first the axis is vertical; in the other, horizontal. In some cases the action on light is thirty times as great as that of solid quartz. To quote further:

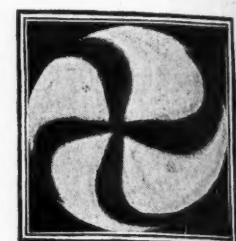
"The crystalline globules are not immobile; they generally turn in a direction opposite to that of the hands of a watch, and the black cross . . . then takes the form of a spiral (as shown in the illustration).

"Lehmann has not neglected to study the influence of magnetism on the liquid crystals; those of para-oxyphenetol take, in a horizontal magnetic field, the second position [described above], while

in a vertical field they take the first position. . . . The study of the absorption of certain coloring matters by the liquid crystals excludes the idea that the heterogeneous liquid may be considered as an emulsion.

"The drops may coalesce; when this occurs, the momentary preservation of the individual character of the drops gives at first a large number of black crosses, up to the point where each resultant drop behaves like a single crystal. The plasticity of some crystals has long been recognized; certain soft crystals may be deformed and coalesce with others after the same fashion as liquid crystals, for example, in the case of oleate of ammonium; these soft crystals form a curious intermediary between rigid and liquid crystals.

"To what cause may we attribute the structure of the turbid liquids which we have been discussing? Lehmann thinks it due to the orientation and constitution of their molecules; other authors, on the contrary, think that these turbid liquids are non-homogeneous media. The experiments made to settle the question show clearly that the double-refracting liquids are not emulsions; it would seem that this hypothesis must be rejected and that the double-refraction of these turbid liquids is due to their molecular structure."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

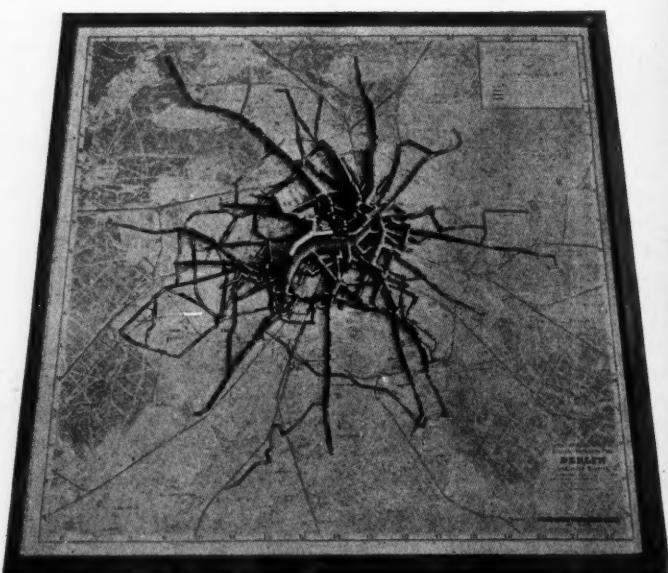


ROTATING "LIQUID CRYSTAL."

A CURIOUS TRAFFIC-MAP.

THE accompanying picture is not a representation of a new kind of spider, but a reproduction of an interesting map of the surface traction systems of Berlin, Germany, in which the density of the traffic is shown by the thickness of the lines in relief. This is described in *The Street Railway Journal* (New York, May 19) by A. Stavenov, traffic manager of the Grosse-Berliner Strassenbahn:

"An elaborate report or 'census' is taken twice a year of the passengers carried on a day of normal traffic. For this purpose the entire surface railway system of Berlin, which includes the Grosse-Berliner Strassenbahn, the Western and Southern Berlin Suburban Line, and the Berlin-Charlottenburg division, is divided into about 300 sections, from 1 kilometer to 1½ kilometers (½ mile to 1 mile) in length. Upon entering each section, the conductor looks over his passengers and marks their number on a special form. He also notes the number of seats within the car, and how many of them are empty. Further, the conductor must indicate how many persons were not permitted to ride on account of the necessity of complying with the police regulations, which



RELIEF MAP OF THE SURFACE RAILWAY SYSTEMS OF BERLIN AND ENVIRONS, INDICATING THE DENSITY OF TRAFFIC.

permit only a certain number of standing passengers. . . . In connection with the annual traffic census, the writer has devised a method for showing the density of traffic on all of the lines of the Berlin street-railway system and its suburban connections. For this purpose strips of wood of varying thickness are prepared and placed on a map of the city, so as to cover the routes of the different lines. The thickness or height of each piece of wood is made proportional to the passenger traffic per kilometer; that is, 1 millimeter thickness corresponding to every 1,000 passengers. The strips are also colored, blue strips being used for traffic between 1,000 and 25,000, yellow for 25,000 to 50,000, green for 50,000 to 75,000, red for 75,000 to 100,000, and white for 100,000 to 125,000. It is possible, therefore, from this relief map, to secure rapidly an exact idea of the amount and distribution of traffic on all the lines. It will be noted from the perspective view that the heaviest traffic is in the center of Berlin, along Potsdamerstrasse and Leipzigerstrasse. Along this route the company intends to build a four-track shallow subway, through which it will operate cars of the ordinary surface type. The completion of this subway would greatly reduce the traffic congestion on two of the main streets of Berlin."

KING SOLOMON'S MINES: TRUTH OR MYTH?

THAT the Biblical Ophir—the place whence Solomon drew his stores of gold—was in Rhodesia, and that the great ruins standing in that Central-African province are mute witnesses to the fact, is believed implicitly by the ordinary citizen who has read certain recent books of travel. Ethnologists and antiquarians have not been so sure, and if we are to credit the last book on the subject—"Medieval Rhodesia," by D. Randall-Maciver—there never was the slightest foundation for such a claim. Mr. Maciver, we are told by a writer in *The Times Saturday Review* (New York), is the first trained archeologist who ever examined the Rhodesian ruins. Bent, who was sent out by Cecil Rhodes in 1891, and Hall, who followed him, were, the writer says, intrepid explorers of no special archeological training, but with abundant imagination. Rider Haggard helped out a little with his stories, and so the "Solomon's-mines" myth grew up. Says the reviewer:

"He [Bent] came back to report the ruins to be of fabulous antiquity and monumental grandeur; he brought home certain carved and other objects as *pièces de conviction*; he found evidence, not only of stupendous gold-working, but of a nature-worship, with phallic and stellar ritual; and he concluded that the builders of the great Zimbabwe were Sabian Arabians, who might well have been subjects of the Sheban queen. His book, 'The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland,' settled the question for most people at home and for all South Africans, and, if a certain well-known story be true, the man who dared thereafter to doubt that Solomon got his gold from Zimbabwe was told he 'had no imperial instinct.'

"It was in vain that a few archeologists and ethnologists protested. They saw no positive evidence of either high civilization or high antiquity. The Rhodesian architecture seemed to them mere stone-piling, and the carvings, mostly in the softest of stones, not better than the work of many existing races low down in the scale of humanity. Above all, they saw no evidence of early Arabs—not a letter of their script or a trace of their fabrics. The proofs of stellar orientation they took leave to doubt, and their attitude was to be justified ere long by a resurvey. Many objects found—indeed, all about which certainty was possible—were of Kafir origin. Could not the ruins themselves be native African? They were told they did not know the Kafir."

The African visit of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1905 suggested the advisability of more scientific examination, and Mr. Maciver was sent on in advance to investigate and report. We read:

"Mr. Maciver was given every facility by the local authorities; he examined foundations and middens, cut sections and drove trenches, and, in brief, these are the facts he established in about three months' work:

"(1) That the essential thing on most of the Rhodesian sites is the hut, built on a platform more or less circular. Several such

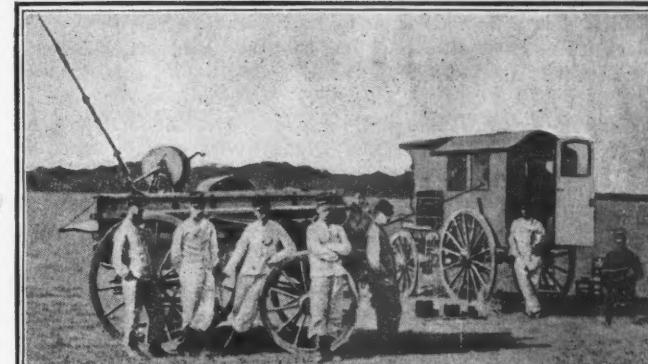
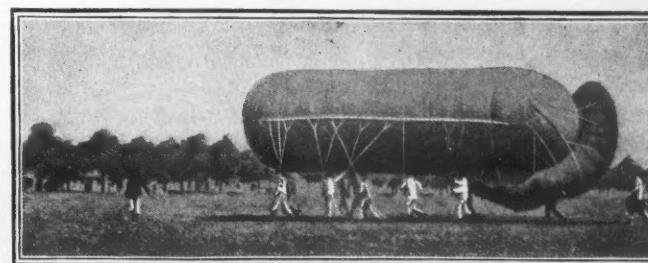
platforms fill the interior of the so-called 'Elliptical Temple,' at Zimbabwe. (2) These platforms are constructed of layers of cement all of one period, and stand either on virgin earth or, in one case, on a thin stratum of disturbed débris. (3) The 'Kafir' objects found on the surface of the platforms are found also below them, and nothing else is found either above or below of necessarily earlier date. (4) A few imported objects are also found, the date of which is not doubtful, such as Arab glass, Persian faience, and Nankin china; and these occur with the 'Kafir' objects both above and below the platforms. No one of these objects can be earlier than the eleventh century A.D., and most should be dated from two to four centuries later. (5) No Arab objects of any kind occur. (6) The architecture, at its best, is that of an uncivilized people and purely local in character. Incidentally Mr. Maciver made it clear that the great walls are those of royal kraals, built around kopjes to protect huts within. They are never true ellipses any more than of any other true form, but were probably intended to be roughly circular, so far as the nature of the ground would allow. Their present shape, their imperfect joints, their slight variations in style, are the result only of local lack of skill and precision. The whole of the ruins without exception are of native construction, and not older than medieval."

The object and use of some of the structures, Mr. Maciver thinks, remain doubtful—possibly even his own explanation of all the ruins he saw may not be quite satisfactory. But unless he is entirely mistaken, the Arabs have had nothing to do with the Rhodesian structures, and the earliest of them did not belong to any earlier period than the Middle Ages.

PRESENT STATUS OF WIRELESS.

A REVIEW of "Telegraphy, Telephony, and Wireless Telegraphy in 1905" is contributed to *La Nature* (Paris, April 14) by Lucien Fournier, who dismisses the first two subjects with a few words and devotes himself chiefly to the last. His review leaves the reader with the impression that the technic of wireless is not advancing greatly, altho the field of its application is extending widely. Says Mr. Fournier:

"Since 1901 the improvements in the new mode of communication have to do only with the apparatus, and the inconveniences of this have been only slightly lessened. Arco has discovered that for the indirect excitation of the antenna it is useful to employ in certain cases a 'loose' connection with the exciting circuit. When the number of windings of the primary and secondary circuits of the Tesla transformer is large relative to the wave-length, the connection is said to be 'close'; when this number is small, it is called 'loose.' In any case, indirect excitation causes two different



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY APPARATUS NOW USED IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

waves, superposed in the antenna. . . . The energy utilized to put the antenna in vibration need not be so powerful when the connection is loose. In different cases either a close or loose connection may be used, but generally an average is struck between the two.

"The use of great energy to produce hertzian waves produces a result that is always comparatively feeble. On the other hand, the attempts to steer the waves made by Artone in Italy have given no practical result. Along these lines there has been practically no progress at all.

"The use of detectors enabling the operator to read by sound has become general. . . . The detector most employed is the electrolytic detector whose principle was announced in 1900 by Captain Ferrié. . . . If a tiny platinum point (0.01 millimeter in diameter) be plunged into acidulated water, it constitutes an imperfect contact of great sensitiveness to hertzian waves. . . . The Marconi company always uses the magnetic detector invented by Marconi in 1902, which gives excellent results."

The applications of wireless telegraphy are continually extending. All war-ships and large liners have the apparatus; and new stations on land, especially in Europe, are continually being erected. The necessity for international regulation becomes more and more apparent, but the conference on the subject, which met for the first time in Berlin in 1903, has not reconvened, owing to the opposition of England and Italy, which countries, the writer charges, desire a Marconi monopoly. He concludes:

"Is wireless telegraphy destined to remain eternally fettered by the imperfections that now limit its service to a considerable degree? We are unwilling to believe this. Three great problems remain to be solved before it is freed and developed to its furthest extent—the 'steering' of the waves, the 'tuning' of transmitter to receiver, and the reform of these devices. So long as we can not unite into a sheaf the hertzian waves that are now dispersed in all directions, so long as an intermediate station can intercept messages not intended for it, and finally, so long as a special apparatus has not been devised to receive and transmit these signals, wireless telegraphy will remain imperfect.

"Telecommunication asks much from the year 1906!"—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

A PROTEST AGAINST METRIC LEGISLATION.

THE protest of the manufacturers of the United States against what they consider "a concerted attempt, originating in the Bureau of Standards, and vigorously seconded by the chairman of the House Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures, to secure the enactment of legislation leading to the compulsory adoption of the metric system of weights and measures in all departments of the Government and thence into the entire country," is voiced by H. H. Suplee, writing in *The Engineering Magazine* (May). Says Mr. Suplee:

"Briefly, the argument for the metric system may be reduced to three counts—the greater simplicity of the tables of weights and measures; the precise interrelation of the units of length, dry and liquid measure, and weight; and the convenience of the decimal system of notation.

"The last is already practically secured in the English-speaking countries, by the general use in all engineering work of the decimal divisions of the inch or the foot; these units of themselves are even more convenient than the meter or the centimeter. The second supposed advantage exists only in the case of one medium—distilled water at 4° C.—a substance with which no one, except possibly the laboratory experimenter, ever has to do. The third may be admitted, tho with the qualification that much of the intricacy and multiplicity of the old English system of weights and measures has already disappeared, and a further wholly practical simplification might be made without uprooting the standards upon which our gigantic industries have been built."

It must be remembered, Mr. Suplee says, that when France and Germany adopted the metric system, our vast growth of industries, manufactures, and metal trades generally had not come into being. Standardization was as yet an unknown idea, and there was prac-

tically nothing to undo. The situation to-day, however, is absolutely different. Industries such as the world has never before seen have been built up in the English-speaking lands, and have sent their products all over the world. He goes on to say:

"Every steel section rolled, every plate turned out, and every wire drawn, every engine and dynamo and machine tool, every pipe and shaft and bolt and nut, is based upon the inch and the foot—units wholly incommensurable with the metric ones. The screw-threads of England and America are standard all over the world—and they are wholly inconvertible into any metric expression which could be used as a guide or practically reproduced by a workman. . . . Every part now standardized to decimals of an inch would have to be redesigned to commensurable decimals of a centimeter. Then the new and old would not interchange. All the old machines and all the old repair parts would become bastard. . . . And it would take more than fifty years of endless confusion and double-standard working to clear the deplorable and expensive wreckage out of our shops."

The writer bids us clearly to understand that he has no direct quarrel with the metric system as such. All that he objects to is legislation that will deprive him of the liberty of using whichever system he finds best adapted to his needs. He concludes:

"Since 1866 the citizens of the United States, whether holding government positions or engaged in civil industries, have had the privilege of using either system legally and freely. In no case have the friends of the inch attempted to impose their views upon the advocates of the meter. . . . If the advocates of the existing standards should endeavor to influence legislation to prevent their neighbors from using their beloved millimeters and kilograms, a fearful howl would arise; but no such impudent interference is to be dreamed of. Let the advocates of the meter be fair-minded enough to give up their scheme of stacking the cards; let there be a square deal, and may the best system win."

SCIENCE BREVITIES.

"Of course, sugar-cane culture and sugar manufacture are the main industries of the [Hawaiian] islands, but these offer but little attraction to white immigrants unless they be skilled in some department of the industry," says *The Louisiana Planter and Sugar Manufacturer* (March 17). "Hawaii, however, has vast resources outside of the sugar industry, and the present instance is a laudable one in the direction of their promotion. Pineapples, sisal hemp, bananas, coffee, tobacco, and vanilla beans are but a few of the many cultures that flourish there."

"Such pollution as now exists in the waters adjacent to New York, and has existed for years, can hardly fail to count for something in the conveyance of disease," says *The New York Medical Journal* (March 17). "Observation shows that the contaminating material is not corrected by the water so thoroughly or so promptly as to render it innocuous, and pathogenic elements contained in it are almost surely carried to great distances without having appreciably lost their virulence. They are doubtless carried as far north as Poughkeepsie, and the gross evidences of their presence have long been plain to cursory observation on the shores of Long Island, Staten Island, New Jersey, and Connecticut."

"BIRDS and many animals have three eyelids," says *Modern Optics* (New York, April)—"the upper and lower, as in man, and a third which sweeps over the surface of the eyeball below the other two. This is called the nictitating or thinking membrane. When at rest it is tucked away almost out of sight at the inner angle of the eye. The purpose of this membrane is to keep the surface of the eyeball clean, and it will be seen to frequently pass quickly to and fro across the ball of the eye for this purpose. . . . Occasionally an ignorant farmer will look upon this membrane as a 'film over the eye' of his pet fowl and will remove it with a sharp knife to 'restore the sight.' In this case the eye, being deprived of its cleansing membrane, will catch dust, inflammation will set up, and the eye will be weakened or destroyed."

VALUE OF A LIGHTNING FLASH.—An ingenious Belgian engineer has been figuring out how much the electric energy of an ordinary lightning discharge would cost to produce by means of an electric-light plant. His methods and conclusions, as abstracted by *Cosmos* from the *Bulletin* of the Belgian Astronomical Society, are as follows: "By measuring the magnetism of certain iron-bearing rocks it has been found that the magnetizing lightning discharge must have been at least of 6,000 amperes. In reality the intensity must have been much greater, since the rock was at a considerable distance from a striking-point of the lightning. It is best, however, to be moderate in such estimates, and we may fix the energy at the modest figure of 27,777 kilowatt-hours. Putting in the kilowatt at the lowest price at which it has been possible to produce it in practise, under good conditions, that is to say, by hydraulic power, it would cost one centime (1.5 cent), so that the price of the whole would be 277 francs (\$55)." But the author remarks that at Brussels, where he lives, the industrial kilowatt brings from the consumer 50 centimes (10 cents); at this rate a lightning stroke would cost 13,888 francs (\$2,777.) Thunder would be dearer still in other cities, at this rate.—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

A CATHOLIC CAMPAIGN AGAINST ATHEISTIC SOCIALISM.

TO combat "atheistic Socialism" by rousing the Christian forces of the United States into action along Christian Democratic lines is the policy ascribed by *The Catholic Standard and Times* (Philadelphia) to a newly launched Catholic magazine. The hour for such a policy has arrived, says *The Standard and Times*. Already, it asserts, impetuous spirits in the Catholic Church are embracing Socialism in spite of its explicit condemnation by bishops and priests. It is clear, the paper continues, that there are wrongs to be righted, and unless Catholic reformers are given opportunity within the church "they will go over to the enemy and assist him along lines that are unhallowed." The situation is further indicated in the following paragraph:

"Nearly every bishop and archbishop in the United States has, during the last five years, condemned Socialism in pastoral, public interview, or warning sermon. In some dioceses the comrades have been vigorously fought by the church, including clergy and laity. By the term *Socialism* we mean that Marxian wing of it which is everywhere becoming dominant and is singularly deathly. It is this form of insanity which the church invariably means in uttering condemnation. Over and over she has denounced it and warned her children against it as vigorously as she has against freemasonry, and yet the fact is incontrovertible that, led astray by specious leaders, American Catholics are embracing it. They are not aware of their danger, being as wax in the hands of sleek politicians, but it is melancholy to hear them state that they mean to cling to their newly accepted political faith whatever bishops and priests may say. . . . And there can be no question that American Socialist leaders are as bitterly opposed to Catholicity as are those of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. We could fill six consecutive issues of this journal with anti-Catholic utterances from the writings of American Socialist leaders. Very naturally Catholics wish to battle for juster conditions, but some steps should be taken to prevent them from standing in the ranks of our self-confessed enemies."

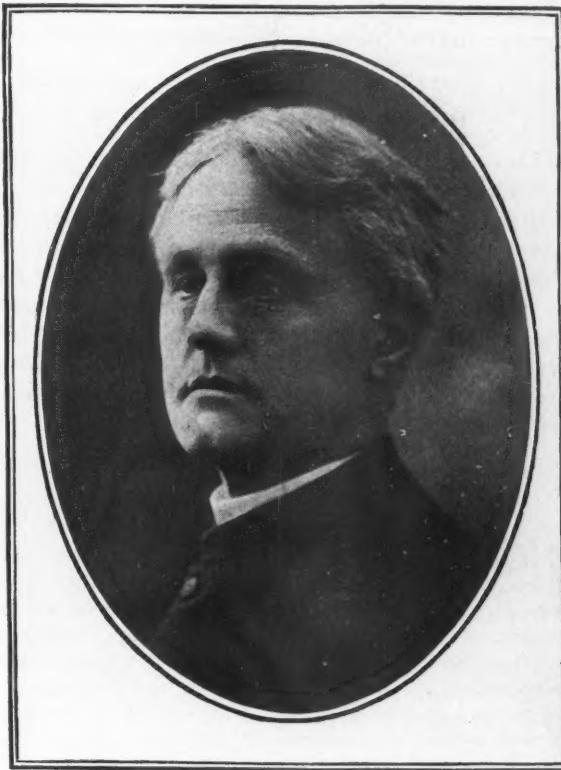
We read further of a similar problem in Europe:

"Over in Italy, after a notable discussion, the Holy Father has just approved the purpose of the newly reorganized Christian-Democratic movement. This approval, it must be stated, has been slow in coming. It will be remembered that, some months before he died, Leo XIII. peremptorily suppressed a movement bearing the same name. The reason is obvious. Under the fiery, undisciplined leadership of Father Murri, the alleged Christian-Democrats went too far. In the opinion of the sane, conservative Vatican authorities they adopted so many Socialistic principles in their effort to wean the public away from Socialism that they were in danger of becoming Socialists themselves. The new program was carefully considered and finally approved, and henceforth the Italian Catholic forces will stand united under the gonfalon of the church. For this reason the outlook is encouraging oversea."

EPISCOPALIAN UNIVERSALISTS.

"WHY I am a Universalist," as caption to an article by a Protestant Episcopal rector of good standing, might seem, to some readers, ominous of another heresy trial. But when we read beyond the caption we learn that, altho the doctrine of Universalism has never been made an article of faith by the Episcopal Church, "there never has been an age in which there were not some good and loyal churchmen who held and taught that doctrine, and some others, just as good and loyal, who could not receive it." The writer, the Rev. George F. Degen, is rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Augusta, Me., and his paper is published in *The Universalist Leader* (Boston). Universalism, Mr. Degen asserts, "was not, in its origin, a revolt from the church's teaching, nor a struggle to win recognition for a truth which the church had neglected; nor was the movement, in its earlier stages, a separation from the Holy Catholic Church at all,

but a separation from those who had already separated from her." Mr. Degen quotes from a Universalist tract which defines the doctrine of Universalism as "a positive Christian doctrine, affirming the final salvation of every human soul from sin, and the universal victory of good over evil." This is the positive affirmation upon which the sect takes its stand, and it is upon this, rather than upon any of its less essential doctrines, that Mr. Degen lays stress when he declares himself a Universalist, and asserts that this declara-



REV. GEORGE F. DEGEN.

An Episcopalian clergyman who declares that he is a Universalist, and that his Universalism is in no smallest degree inconsistent with his position as a Churchman.

tion is in no smallest degree inconsistent with his position as a churchman. He says further:

"So far as the maintenance of this doctrine is concerned, the only difference between me and a member of the denomination which bears that name is that I do not feel it necessary, in maintaining it, to go outside of the historic organization, with its divinely authorized ministry and its divinely appointed sacraments. It has never been made an article of faith by the Holy Catholic Church—the Apostles' Creed says nothing about it—and therefore members of that church have always been left free to form their own opinions about it, according as they interpret the collective teaching of Scripture on the subject."

He points out, moreover, that Universalism does not, as popularly supposed, deny all future punishment. We read:

"It does not say there is no hell. Universalism, if I understand it aright, nowhere denies or tries to explain away any plain statement of Holy Scripture. The medieval conception of hell, which obtained until comparatively modern times, is not a plain statement of Scripture, but a creation of man's imagination, and Universalism would of course reject that, as being inconsistent with its positive teaching, which is the final salvation of all human souls. I ask you particularly to note the word 'final.' It does not undertake to say that this salvation shall be completed at death, nor that it may not involve a longer process in some cases than in others. It only declares that good must eventually triumph over evil, and that, therefore, the evil forces which are at work in every human soul, and which tend to disruption and decay, must finally be routed. For myself, if I did not believe that, I could not believe in God."

Mr. Degen closes with an appeal to the Universalists to become

one with the Episcopalians, "not only in fundamental beliefs and sympathies, but in actual, living, working union; that in this Catholic and Universalist Church we may spread the gospel of deliverance from sin."

Commenting editorially, *The Universalist Leader* states that Mr. Degen's words "will occasion not a little wonder, for the exclusion in the past of the Universalists from the evangelical ranks, while the Episcopalians were in good standing, has led many to believe that the latter church, together with the others, repudiated the great central doctrine of our denomination."

PICKWICKIAN DOGMATICS.

WITH urbane but merciless satire the Rev. Dr. Epiphanius Wilson depicts the mental attitude of the "Pickwickian" dogmatist, a type, he seems to imply, which is not rare in the modern church. The vehicle of Mr. Wilson's satire is an imaginary dialog between a fashionable rector and his senior warden, which he records for us in the pages of *The Homiletic Review*. To quote:

"These stupid and ignorant heresy-hunters," thoughtfully remarked the rector, "know nothing of the subtleties and refinements of such a mind as mine. They have not been like you, Block, brought up in the Pickwickian method of Christian truth."

"I guess not," said the churchwarden; "I believe with the poet,

"Thinking is but an empty waste of thought,
And naught is everything, and everything is naught!"

"No! No! Block, I never went into pure Hegelianism, like that," replied the rector with a gesture of dignified depreciation; "I never was an unbeliever, an agnostic, or a skeptic. In fact, I have believed anything and everything—but in a Pickwickian sense. I am the strictest and sternest of dogmatists, clear-cut and uncompromising. You know it, Block, do you not?"

"Of course you are," answered Mr. Block, as he fished out a cherry from his empty wine-glass, "of course you are."

"Yes, thank God," went on the rector in a pious tone, "I can believe and assert everything. On my ordination vow I can believe not only the Christian creed, but the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, the Infallibility of the Pope, the story of Aladdin's Lamp, and the adventures of Baron Munchausen. I can lay my hands upon my heart and repeat the formula of my ordination oath and without perjury declare, "All these I steadfastly believe!"

"I am quite sure you can, Rector," responded the churchwarden firmly.

"But hear me out," hurriedly added the priest; "after I announce, say, in the congregation, that I believe in these things, and finish my *Credo*, I must have a pulpit ready. In that pulpit I can let out the flood of my eloquence and show the satisfying and convincing force of the Pickwickian method, at which the most unimaginative and unspiritual of my listeners will say, "We believe also—in this glorious Pickwickian sense." Have you not often yourself made that confession, Block?"

"I believe I have," answered the president of the Bull-frog and Pickerel Trust.

"Moreover," went on the fashionable rector musingly, "my Pickwickian method has been found admirably effective in winning souls, by making the Ten Commandments less brutally offensive. When I look upon my beloved people, from whom these heresy-hunters are trying to separate me, the flock who give me an emolument of \$10,000 and a house, and whom gratitude forbids me to forsake, when I look over the vast congregation that throngs around my pulpit, I see many *divorces* and *divorcees*, victims of those cruel law courts, which I think Christianity should long ago have abolished. There are others, too, in a position which seems likely to land them in such courts, and when I say in the words of the primitive and harsh Jewish code, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," I know that they have been too long under my intellectual and spiritual teaching to feel their susceptibilities ruffled in the slightest degree, for the Pickwickian dialectics at once give the interpretation and the solution of the crude enactment."

"And again," added the rector, unconsciously lapsing into the

pulpit vernacular, "I count many eminent men among my people, men who, like yourself, are kings in the financial world. Some of them even belong to the insurance business, others are stock brokers. How could I proclaim aloud the command, "Thou shalt not steal," excepting to a congregation who know me and understand my method?"

PASCAL AS THE RELIGIOUS GUIDE OF THE MOMENT.

THE "Pensées" of Pascal are particularly pertinent to the mood of the intellectual world at the beginning of the twentieth century, says the Rev. M. Kaufmann, in *The Quarterly Review* (London). Some few books stand the test of time, and this is one of them. It deals fearlessly and in a genuine spirit of religion with subjects that all men are compelled to consider. On such subjects Pascal states his convictions with mathematical accuracy. His "Thoughts" are the unfinished product of one of the most original men of genius, the outcome of a mind singularly lucid, and therefore in accuracy of expression attaining almost mathematical precision and yet aglow with a fire of impassioned eloquence rarely met in such combination. His love of and respect for physical science make him our contemporary. To quote the writer cited:

"Like our moderns, he was profoundly impressed by the grandeur of nature—the infinitely great and the infinitely little—and the corresponding insignificance of man and our own planet, that '*petit cachet où l'homme est logé*.' To the modern love of applied science and mechanical invention—his experiments on the weight of air and researches on the cycloid and the discovery of a calculating machine assign a prominent position to his own scientific contributions—he adds an insatiable desire for spiritual enlightenment. Like our modern men of science, he is unwilling to accept anything which does not admit of mathematical demonstration; '*ce qui passe la géométrie nous surpasse*.' Like them, he relegates the highest truths of religion to the region of intuitive apperception: '*c'est le cœur qui sent Dieu, et non la raison*.' Like some of them, again, he takes refuge in a higher mysticism."

He never passed through "a wild storm of unbelief," like some deeply religious men who subsequently became firm defenders of the faith. He knew nothing of the "higher criticism," altho he possessed the fearless doubt which, as Dante says, grows at the root of the Tree of Knowledge. As Mr. Kaufmann observes:

"The age in which he lived, unlike our own, was not one of dissolving creeds; but, as the author of '*Angélique de Port-Royal*' points out, it was an age of sensational religion. Disbelief in miracles and historical doubts affecting the authenticity of the Scriptures had not yet appeared. Undisturbed in his belief in the supernatural, Pascal, as Mr. Havet puts it, stands on Tabor, while we are at the foot of the mountain. In his apologetics he still accepts the Bible, as a whole, uncritically. On the other hand, our modern skeptics are more serious than those of Pascal's day, 'severely but serenely sad,' in contemplating the enigmas of life, often adopting the language of Pascal in giving expression to their somber thoughts. He, indeed, is more hopeful than they, by reason of his unshaken faith in the divine ordering of things, while they place their only confidence in the rectifying forces of human and cosmic development."

While Pascal appealed to the supernatural side of Christianity as an evidence of its reality, the modern thinker must face both ways—to the traditions of the past, as well as to the development of the present and the future. But Pascal will ever be a stimulus and a guide to modern investigators. On this point Mr. Kaufmann aptly states:

"Pascal, with all the passionate intensity of a mind heated in the controversial strife of his day, endeavors to establish the truth of Christianity by an appeal to miracle, type, prophecy—such were the weapons suited to the religious warfare of his age. We, living in a different intellectual atmosphere, prefer to test the value of true religion in the beauty of its activities.

"Thus modern religious thought, facing both ways with keen

scrutiny, examining the heirloom handed down from the ages of the past and gazing fearlessly into the future and its as yet unrevealed possibilities of further discoveries, opens the Janus portal of the mind, not both ways in the sense of disingenuous ambiguity, like the former advocates of 'double truth,' but trying, by means of honest research and reflection, to link the past with the future. Such inquirers after, and defenders of, the truth will find much in Pascal amid the perplexities of modern problems both to stimulate and direct them in their work. Concerning such seekers after truth it has been said ironically, '*Ils font penser, ils ne font pas croire.*' This does not apply to Pascal's 'Thoughts.' As they are the outcome of a meditative genius, gifted with a kind of divine sagacity and set aglow by a burning desire to know and embrace the truth, so they stimulate reflection and at the same time strengthen belief by contagion. These 'Thoughts' act like a strong tonic to religious thought generally in their stern and serious vigor, facing the facts of existence without flinching. Here there are no timid concealments or vain attempts to capture the 'apostles of reason' by astute devices of the 'esprit de finesse'; they are uncontaminated by 'the secret vice of fallacious apologetics.' They combine the power of trenchant criticism with the readiness of self-immolation for the truth's sake; they exhibit the consuming devotion of a noble-minded man, capable of winning the admiring affection of kindred souls, who take for their motto: 'I must be true to my darkness as courageously as to my light.'

ZION WITHOUT ELIJAH.

SO completely had the spectacular personality of John Alexander Dowie dominated and overshadowed the Christian Catholic Church in Zion (Ill.) that the sudden collapse of his vast pretensions only focused public attention more completely upon the man. But the picturesque religious sect which Dowie created still exists, altho it is now in the throes of a transition period. *Leaves of Healing*, the official organ of this sect, has appeared uninterruptedly from the presses in Zion City, and its recent numbers give us some interesting glimpses of the situation. In the first issue after the deposition of Dowie appears a full statement of the causes leading to Zion's repudiation of its "apostate leader," and this statement is followed by a "confession and retraction" on the part of the editor, Mr. Arthur W. Newcomb. Mr. Newcomb makes confession, "before God and all his people," that he wrote "some of the exaggerations and misrepresentations that have appeared in the pages of *Leaves of Healing*." Zeal for a good cause, he explains, had warped his standard of truthfulness. Referring to Dowie, he says:

"I hereby make confession, also, that I have seen, for over two years, many glaring inconsistencies in the life and teachings of John Alexander Dowie, and have nevertheless continued to hold him up as a prophet and apostle of God. This I did in all sincerity, holding that no man was perfect and that these departures from the path of strict righteousness were inconsiderable compared with the great work that God was doing through him. . . . Through his ministry God had brought me out of darkness into light, and I loved him—and love him still—with a deep personal love.

"It is therefore with disappointment, grief, pain, and humiliation that I have written what appears above my initials in this number of *Leaves of Healing*."

The people of Zion, he states elsewhere in the same issue, "are a righteous people, and have faith and courage to smite iniquity, even when the heart breaks as the hand strikes the blow." Some of these people, he says, had come to regard Dowie as "some kind of a semi-divine exception to all laws." Perhaps it was for that reason that the new leader, Wilbur Glenn Voliva, felt it necessary in one of his vigorous sermons to assure his hearers that the self-styled and fallen "Elijah" was nobody other than "little plain old John Alexander Dowie." However, after making it clear that Dowie had left the church "in a nice mess, ecclesiastically," Mr. Voliva does not withhold his tribute to the early part of the ex-prophet's career. He says:

"I know the story of his ministry in Melbourne just about as well as I know my own life, and I want to make it plain to-day that God used him in Melbourne.

"I want you to understand that in his ministry in Melbourne he served the people; he was a humble, very poor man, and I am very sorry that he ever became anything else than a poor man."

The trouble began when "some women" suggested to Dowie that he was Elijah, asserts Mr. Voliva, who adds:

"You will remember that in his sermon he said that some years before some people had said that he was Elijah and he was angry with them and I wish he had kept on saying that."

"He added, 'I remarked to the people that if I got that into my head, all the good that I could ever do would be ruined.' Why did he not stick to it?"

Among the indications of a new régime in Zion are the statements that tithes are to be no longer compulsory, that doctrinal requirements are to be so simplified that Christian character is to be practically the only test of membership, and that self-sacrifice is to be the keynote of the new leadership. Mr. Voliva, however—to judge by his sermons—inherits Dowie's habit of regarding all denominations except that centered in Zion City as apostate. He says:

"God never has used, God does not now use, but one religious organization at one time."

"If God is using two religious organizations, then if they are identical they will coalesce; if they are antagonistic one to another, then God is divided against Himself.

"So to-day God Almighty has raised up the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion, and it is the only religious organization that God Almighty is using."

Here is an example of Voliva's pulpit exhortation:

"Now, brothers and sisters, always be calm. If you have any little difficulties, well, be kind to one another. Do not get red in the face and roll your eyes all around and jump up and down.

"Have self-control!"

"That is one respect in which the Devil has wrecked John Alexander Dowie; he has had no control over his temper, going into a fit of anger with anybody and anywhere; he must face these things and repent!"

"We are going right back to the good old days—to the simple things."

That the spirit of Voliva's Zion is not without resemblance to the spirit instilled by Dowie would seem to be indicated by the following extract, from another sermon by Voliva:

"You will never win the people to God by using soft words and making them believe that they are not so bad after all; you will never win the people to God by laying down the Sword of the Spirit.

"I tell you, Zion, we are called upon to-day, even as the prophets of old in the days of fleshly Israel's apostasy, to cry aloud and spare not, and to witness against spiritual Israel's apostasy.

"Do not come to me and say, 'I don't believe in using such harsh words; I don't believe in calling the people devils.'

"Well, I do; if a man is a lazy devil, I will call him one.

"All men are possessed by the Spirit of God or by the Devil, and we must make men see themselves as they really are.

"Zion must do the work of witnessing.

"I was asked the other day if it was true that Zion City had decided to abandon the doctrine of Divine Healing.

"Certainly not!"

"I have the same opinion of the practise of medicine that I have had for years—that it originated in hell; and I have the same opinion of surgery and drugs.

"We will make no compromise with the Devil!"

DR. CRAPSEY'S "heresy," according to the Chicago *Journal*, is not peculiarly modern in some of its aspects. We read: "Dr. Crapsey's belief differs from Arianism slightly, the only slightly. He holds with the Adoptians of the eighth century in Spain that Jesus Christ had two distinct natures, one divine, the other human. In his divine nature he is the Son of God by generation, 'the only begotten of his Father'; but in his human nature he is the Son of God by adoption only. In these days, when dogma is so generally disregarded in the pulpit, and religion seems so often a matter of ethics instead of faith, it is curious to find raging among us the identical theological controversy that inflamed our ancestors nearly two thousand years ago."

FOREIGN COMMENT.

AMNESTY, ANOTHER LOST OPPORTUNITY.

THE old vender of the Sibylline books is evidently hovering round the palace of the Czar, and will ask a higher price every time her offer of a bargain is refused. Nicholas II. has thrown away another opportunity of purchasing that which he professes to value most of all. "By omitting all mention of amnesty in his speech from the throne," says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Times*, "the Czar missed a golden opportunity of softening the hearts of his people and strengthening counsels of moderation." In the fortresses and prisons of the Romanoffs and amid the horrors of Siberian exile thousands of Russians, men and women, are living or dying merely because by pen or voice they advocated the principles of political emancipation which have been realized in the formation of such a representative assembly as the Douma, or in vituperating the agents and embodiment of tyranny. There is something pathetic in the way in which these prisoners send their messages of congratulation to the free men assembled in the Tauris Palace. It is like the earthbound birds of Maupassant greeting with helpless joy and envy their migrating kindred who are sweeping across the sky to a fairer and freer country. While the Czar made no mention of amnesty for the wretched victims of despotism, who are known as political prisoners, amnesty was the prevailing topic of discussion when that speech had to be answered. The impassioned words of Mr. Roditcheff roused deafening and long-continued applause, says the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin), which reports his appeal, at once thrilling in its earnestness and threatening in its tone of resolution. He said:

"The question of amnesty for so-called political offenders is not a party, but a national, question. As the giving of amnesty is an imperial prerogative, we now approach our sovereign with an entreaty while there is time. It may be but a few days before we are compelled to change this entreaty into a demand. We all of us have suffered much and are suffering still. Last month many were put to death. These conditions must be put an end to; they render life impossible; they prevent us who are assembled here from devoting ourselves to the work of political reconstruction. The blood-stained phantoms that haunt this hall must be laid. It is a mistake to think that amnesty sanctions crime. Crime is the product of judicial butchery and oppression. Let, then, unstinted mercy be decreed; let there be forgiveness for all. Death must not be the sentence passed on those who willingly undergo the sacrifice of everything for an idea. Their punishment should be frank forgiveness."

Says the *Vorwaerts* (Berlin):

"Count Witte has spoken in favor of amnesty as the only means of producing reassurance and tranquillity. Amnesty can never prove, as many people think, the occasion of a revolutionary movement. When the Douma asks for amnesty it is for the Czar's interest to grant it."

That the Czar will eventually grant it is the opinion of the London *Spectator*; and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, speaking of the en-

thusiasm with which the words of Mr. Roditcheff were hailed, declares that "the Government can not safely disregard the storm of applause with which this expression of sentiment was greeted. If they do so, they will be guilty of causing their first conflict with the representatives of the people."

According to the *Intransigeant* (Paris), there is little hope of an amnesty. The Douma have so earnestly desired the Czar's clemency, however, adds this paper, that when "the municipal council of St. Petersburg invited the people's representatives to a banquet, a vote was passed by an enormous majority to the effect that while thanks were offered to the municipality for its invitation, they would not take part in any festive celebration of the kind until the Czar granted an amnesty to political prisoners."

The *Pester Lloyd* thinks that this deadlock is really "the first

and most serious crisis of conflict between the representatives of the people and the Russian Government that has yet occurred." According to the *Figaro* (Paris), Mr. Savalief, a member for Moscow, "predicts that a bloody conflict is impending." The same journal adds, in its editorial columns, that "the Government seems inclined to follow the current of popular opinion; the new Minister of the Interior, Mr. Stolypine, has announced that what is practically a political amnesty is about to be decreed, in response to the ardent and unanimous desire of the Douma."

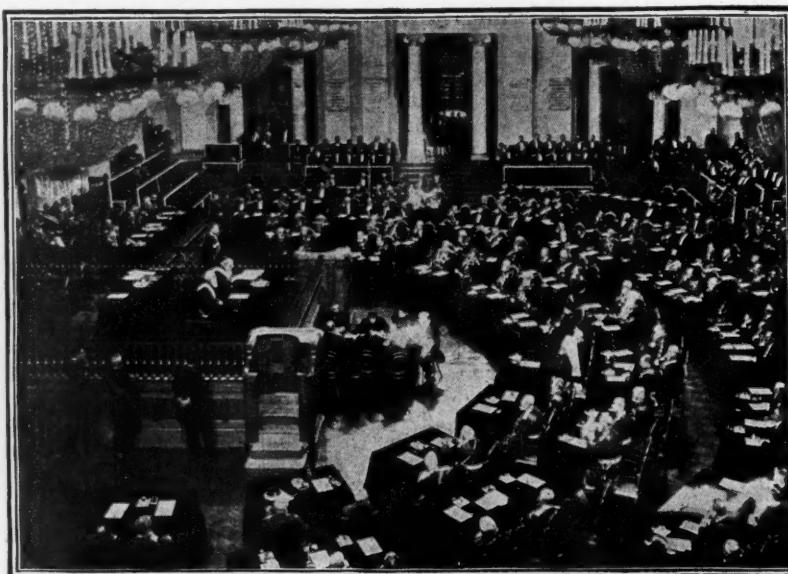
The Czar, says the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, "promised to do what he could, and commanded himself and the Douma to the care of God." But, as *The Westminster Gazette*, speaking of his physical presence at the opening of the Douma, says, "there was a timid swagger in his gait," so it adds editorially:

"Had the Czar but granted a simple amnesty to the thousands of political prisoners still lying in jail for liberal opinions, it would have been difficult to measure the extent of his future influence and popularity. But one of the great opportunities of the world had again been offered to him and, not for the first time, he had refused to take it."

"Yet, in spite of all, the day is a turning-point in history. I think it was on the evening after the battle of Valmy, where the new order of citizen-soldier appeared upon the field, that Goethe said, 'To-day a new age begins, and we can say we were present at its birth.'"

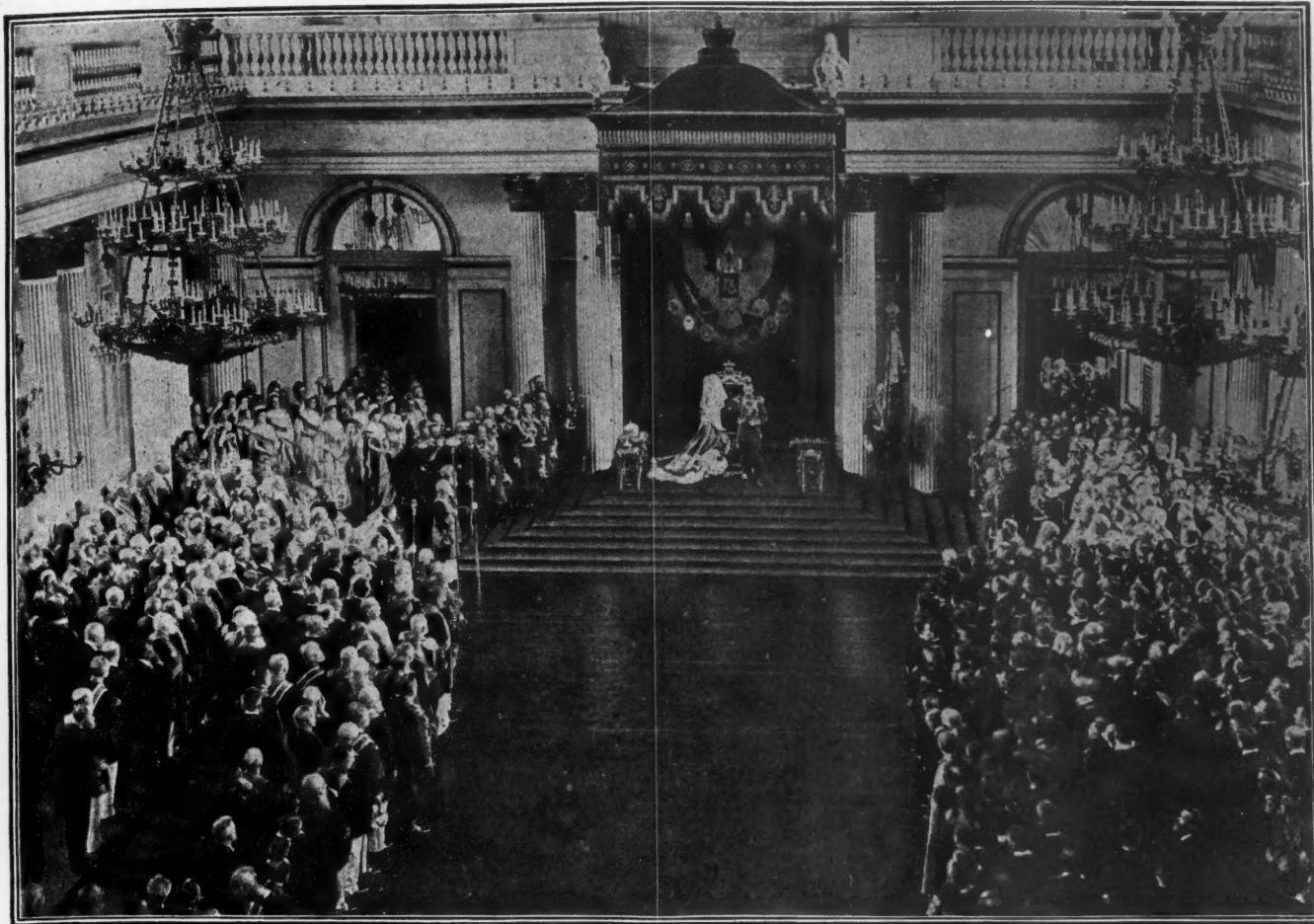
The language of the London *Times* accords with the earnest and convincing expression of other European papers when it declares:

"The test question, the demand which above all the others raises an immediate and critical issue that can not be evaded, is the demand for a full political amnesty. There is none upon which the Douma has set its mind more fully and passionately, and there is none which the bureaucracy will be more reluctant to concede. The mere mention of the word 'amnesty' at the opening of the Douma caused the Assembly to forget everything at the moment before it, and to burst out in one universal shout. The draft address assures the Czar that this question 'stirs the soul of every nationality in the Empire and stirs the representatives of the people, preventing them from tranquilly taking the first step in their legislative career.' It adds that the land thirsts for a full



THE BULWARK OF THE OLD ORDER.

The Russian Council of the Empire, the "Upper House" of the Russian Parliament, at its opening session on May 11.



AUTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY FACE TO FACE.

The Czar reading the Speech from the Throne to the Douma and Nobles in the Hall of St. George, in the Winter Palace, on May 10.

political amnesty which shall satisfy the national conscience, and that 'this petition can not be denied nor its fulfilment delayed.' It is indeed impossible for the Douma to forego this demand. As one speaker observed the other day, it is only accident or caprice which has determined which workers for liberty shall sit in the Douma and which shall pine in overcrowded prisons. The Douma itself remains unrecognized and illegitimate so long as the very men who assisted to bring it into being are left to rot in fortresses or to languish in Siberia. Thus once again a great opportunity is given to the Czar. He must make his choice unequivocally, for on this question no compromise appears possible. If he hastens to grant what he would have been well advised to give unasked, he will do much to reestablish confidence in himself and to help his unhappy country. If he listens to reactionary counselors and refuses or hesitates, he will miss what may well be his last chance to put himself once and for all at the head of a reorganized Russia. The demand for amnesty is that of the whole nation. It will be universally recognized as the touchstone of his sincerity, and his decision will settle for his subjects in general their attitude toward himself and his dynasty."

The exact words of Mr. Roditcheff's resolution, as reported in the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin), above cited, are as follows:

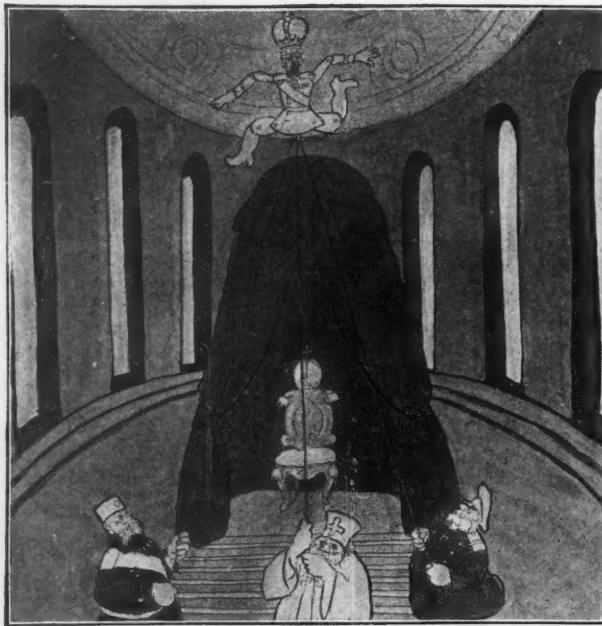
"Resolved, That the Imperial Douma in the first place send his Imperial Majesty, the Lord Emperor, a loyal address in answer to his Speech from the Throne; secondly, that it elect a committee of 33 to draft the address; thirdly, without prejudging the contents of the address, that it impose upon the committee the duty of including therein a declaration of the unconditional necessity of forthwith proclaiming a full amnesty in all cases of religious, agrarian, or political offenses, including in the last category all crimes or offenses committed under the influence of political feeling."

According to the Russian papers, there are between 20,000 and 30,000 people, of both sexes and of various ages, now confined in Russia for so-called political offenses.—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

GERMANY'S UNNEIGHBORLY NEIGHBORS.

If we are to believe the complaints of the German press, Delcassé aimed at sending Germany into the wilderness, as Ishmael was sent, and the successors of Delcassé are trying to bring to fulfilment the prophecy of Ishmael—"his hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against him." Even when Germany makes alliances, the Italian, Austrian, and French papers accuse her of rushing into places where angels or allies fear to tread. She was not backed up at Algeciras by either Italy or Austria; and even Italy, weak as she has sometimes been considered, now stands like the lamb on the housetop and defies the wolf in the street. Yet the most interesting figure on the stage of European politics at this present moment is William II., and if conspicuousness be greatness, the present Emperor of Germany is the greatest man in the ancient empire of Augustus since Arminius. Like Arminius he stands aloof from the imperial interests that surround him. According to the *Nouvelle Revue* (Paris), the Triple Alliance, which united Germany with Austria and Italy, is dead, and Italy has grown sick of her Teutonic relations. Italy would refuse to fight against Germany's enemies, states this magazine in the following terms:

"Italy would take no part in a conflict between England and Germany, even between France and Germany, in spite of the Triple Alliance. This is because the question would not be one of sentiment, but a question of life and death for Italian interests in the Mediterranean, interests which the Triple Alliance has never safeguarded. The Triple Alliance, of course, still stands, and Italy never dreams of denouncing an agreement which she signed in a moment of panic, when she believed herself in danger, unless she threw herself into the arms of either Germany or Austria. Cavallotti was right in calling the Triple Alliance the alliance of alarm. To-day the situation is completely changed. The Triple Alliance



STILL WORKING.

While Nicholas declares in a speech from the throne that he intends carrying out all the reforms he has promised to the Douma—other influences are still at work!

Jugend (Munich).



AMNESTY.

THE CZAR—"Bother this Douma! Who would have thought that the cutting down of the gallows was so much harder than erecting them?"

Humoristische Blätter (Vienna).

KEEPING THE WORD OF PROMISE TO THE EAR.

is changing day by day and will soon die in the odor of sanctity like the Holy Alliance of 1815. While Italy will remain the ally of Germany, she will also continue faithful to her traditional friendship with England, and to the friendship with France which she has happily so recently renewed."

Then comes the writer's genuine sentiments with regard to the personal factor in Italy's change of feeling. He says:

"The bellicose tone of the Emperor William's recent utterances has irritated Italian opinion, and proved to the men in power that a new spirit, a new temper with regard to Germany, has sprung up in the peninsula."

The personality of William seems to be felt even within the most esoteric circles of speculation, and at the mention of the Emperor's name the English representative of Comte's "Religion of Humanity" seems scarcely to shake himself free from that *odium theologicum* which the French founder of Positivism looked upon as a medieval anachronism. There is little of the calmness which pertains to the philosopher in Mr. Frederic Harrison's handling of him he calls "The Pangermanic Kaiser," and who is represented by this writer as "shouting out, with his coarse, drill-sergeant voice: 'Look here, I am the biggest and strongest of you all. My will and my desires have to be respected by you. If you do this, I will be your friend. If you do not, believe my words, you can put it to the test as soon as you like.'"

Mr. Harrison goes on:

"The Powers of Europe had no wish to accept his challenge. They simply declared they had no desire to thwart the Kaiser's will or in any way to affect his interests. And they went home to see what he would do next. No doubt he has not made up his mind what he will do next."

Nevertheless, Mr. Harrison proceeds to declare that "Germany is now conspicuously isolated, friendless, suspected, detested," and to show that even if the Kaiser "has not made up his mind what he will do next," the designs of "William in his headlong insolence" are pretty clear to Mr. Harrison. The following is the oracular utterance of this extremely positive Positivist. The Kaiser, according to him, will sit astride Central Europe and become the potentate that Bonaparte would like to have been. But he must be reined in and curbed by a new triple alliance, with the second-class Powers consigned to a friendly condition of non-

intervention. Here is the prophecy, in the words of the prophet himself:

"What is not doubtful is the recrudescence of troubles in the Balkans and desperate attempts to form fresh territorial conditions in Eastern Europe. And, what is perhaps even more imminent and ominous, the dissolution of the composite Austrian Empire. When that happens (and it is difficult to see what can prevent it within a very few years) the Germanic dominions of Francis Joseph must almost automatically sink into the German Empire—whether by intrigue, alliance, or force, or a judicious mixture of all these. When the dream of the Pangermans is realized, and the Kaiser sits astride Central Europe from the Baltic to the Adriatic—from the Vosges to the Carpathians—with a population double that of France—the German Kaiser will be all that Napoleon hoped to be and for a brief space was. France will hold the same position with respect to him that Austria has done for years past—the obsequious 'second in my duels,' says William. Italy will be at his beck and call; and even Switzerland may begin to tremble at the Pangerman specter. Even before that, Holland, by arrangement or terrorism, will be an appendage to the Empire. And when German fleets command the seaboard from Königsberg to Rotterdam, the Baltic and the North seas are hers. If to this vast coast line of some 700 miles she adds the command of the North Adriatic (and possibly of the Aegean Sea also), the World-Empire of Kaiserdom will be a reality. Against this danger to civilization there is but one barrier—a close alliance of mutual defense between England, France, and Russia—with Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium as benevolent neutrals."

No sooner does the ubiquitous Emperor propose to visit what the *Grenzboten* (Leipsic) calls "his fatherly friend, Francis Joseph, from whom in age he is separated by a generation," than the German press and the French press begin to show their "nervosity." At this *The Continental Correspondence* calmly and judiciously remarks:

"Just as it would be a mistake to minimize the political significance of the visit, so would it be equally an error to overestimate its value or to have any anxiety as to its results. The two rulers are both far too upright, and, as they have always shown hitherto, they are imbued with too great a love of peace to give room for any alarms. They are no conspirators plotting to find or bring about an opportunity to fall upon this or that of their peaceful neighbors. On the contrary, the meeting will serve the cause of peace, by making once more evident to all the world the

continuance of the true defensive alliance between the two strongest military powers of Central Europe."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

FRENCH SOCIALISTS AND THE ELEVEN-MINUTE DAY.

MR. JULES GUESDE, founder of the political sect who call themselves Guesdists, a radical labor leader, a brilliant writer and orator, as well as an out-and-out Socialist, has been communicating to a representative of the *Echo de Paris* his views with regard to the proper length of a working-day. He owned that in addressing the workingmen at Roubaix during the electoral canvass he had declared that in a properly organized condition of society the maximum hours of labor would be eighty minutes out of the twenty-four hours, but that a man ought to be able to secure a subsistence by a daily work of eleven minutes. He quoted the statement of Mr. Henri Beaumont, in the *Economiste Français* (Paris) to the effect that "in the United States, mechanical conditions are such that the labor of seven men is sufficient to cultivate wheat, thresh and grind it, and make baked bread enough for a thousand consumers," and Mr. Guesde founds upon this fact the following argument:

"If the labor of seven men is sufficient to support a thousand, this amounts to saying that seven days of labor yield food for a thousand days, *i.e.*, less than eleven minutes for a man's support for twenty-four hours. Here you have eleven minutes of work each day, according to the most reactionary of economists, capable of providing the principal and most costly article consumed by an individual of our race. But this, of course, would only be the case when there are no more cannon to be cast, iron-clads constructed, and torpedo-boats or muskets to be made."

The *Temps* (Paris) takes Mr. Guesde quite seriously and lectures him on his proposal to degrade mankind to a pitiful and abject lot of idleness. Thus runs its solemn critique:

"His words give us a vivid idea of the beggarly lot to which Mr. Jules Guesde would condemn humanity. He considers that real human happiness consists in a man's confining his needs within the narrowest possible bounds, and stagnating in idleness. If eleven minutes are sufficient time in which a man may earn his bread, he claims that a man ought to be contented with mere bread; simply because he can thus dispense with all work excepting for eleven minutes a day. All the satisfactions to be obtained

by any longer hours appear to him as useless as military armaments, which, in the eyes of this internationalist, it is the height of folly to perpetuate. The type of man happy and free is, according to Mr. Guesde, the lazzerone who lives on two cents' worth of maccaroni and spends the day basking in the sun.

"The Socialistic régime would be the régime of *far niente*. This would naturally turn out to be an age of the most debased mediocrity and the dullest *ennui*, for men would deny themselves everything, and lead the life of ascetics in order to obtain the joy of doing nothing. . . . The willingness to labor, without being impelled by sheer necessity, not only for a livelihood, but for a better livelihood, is exactly what distinguishes the civilized man from the negro or the redskin. The program of Mr. Jules Guesde would imply a reversion to barbarism."

The *Eclair* (Paris) deals in a lighter tone of persiflage with the theory of this clever sophist and internationalist, and observes:

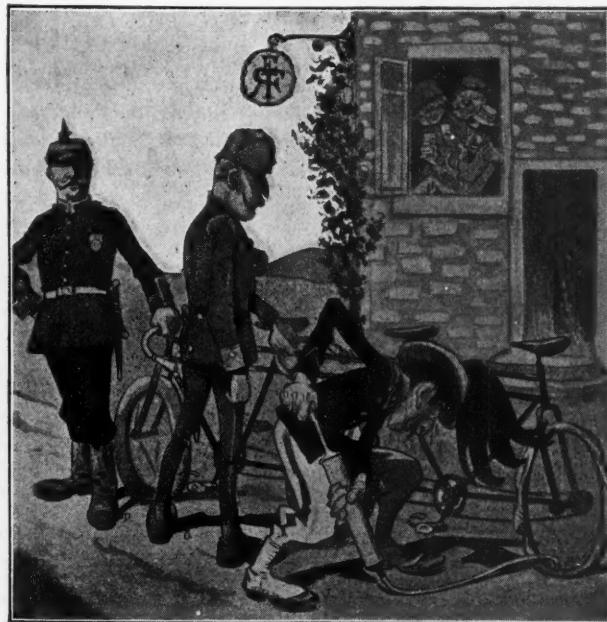
"We must not suppose that these extraordinary statements were made amid the garrulous ardor of an anarchist banquet. Nothing of the kind. They were broached in cold blood in the course of a conversation with a newspaper man, by a gentleman who professes to base them upon rigorous calculations.

"Thus, by feeding himself exclusively on bread, by sleeping in the open air, by going unclad through the vast fields of wheat which is to be the sole production of the soil, by ignoring everything which goes to make up what we call civilization, the mankind of the Marxist can get off working for more than eleven minutes a day. This, it seems, is to be considered happiness. And, indeed, we are to have no choice in the matter: whether Guesdism pleases us or not, we are bound to submit; it is to be



JULES GUESDE,

Who thinks a man could secure subsistence by a daily work of eleven minutes.



THE THREE-SEATED TANDEM ALLIANCE.

The third tire still needs inflating.

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

AN ALLIANCE THAT FAILS TO ALLY.



THE POT THAT HAS A HOLE IN IT!

—*Die Wahre Jacob* (Stuttgart).

imposed upon us by law. Perhaps the speaker exaggerated, but he is not quite so wrong as he seems to be. The present legislature is going to see a pretty struggle between the Socialism of Guesde and the radicalism of the *bourgeoisie*, and the member for Roubaix will open the ball by introducing a measure to prevent an employer from standing as candidate in the place where he employs labor. And this is only the beginning. With the avowed view of reconciling the different classes of society, an aristocracy of laboring men is to be constituted, which is to be free from taxation and is to monopolize all the powers of the State."

It is with a shout of laughter that the *Figaro* (Paris) records Mr. Guesde's proposal of shortened hours for the laborer. To quote:

"Eleven minutes, says Mr. Guesde. And a man can loaf all the rest of the day. But what will he do with himself? The speaker does not inform us. Doubtless politics will engage his attention. Each of us will do as he pleases 1,429 minutes *per diem*. Men of imagination will tell stories to themselves. Those of big appetites and a vast capacity for sleep will feed and sleep for 23 hours and 49 minutes. The others will be dreadfully bored. One thing is certain, no one will eat gulash, for it takes three hours to make it, I am told, and there will be no more cooks who will submit to a three-hour day."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

WOMAN'S STUDIES AND WOMAN-SUFFRAGE IN ITALY.

THE Italian intellectual character is remarkably systematic. The Italian poet built his epic by rule and compass, and Italian women of the present day are conducting the Woman Movement, as it is called in Europe, deliberately, cautiously, and with the most intelligent sanity. So we are told by Eleonore von Bojanowski in the *Deutsche Rundschau* (Berlin). "Within the last decade," says this writer, "nothing has made such amazing progress among the leaders of mankind as this movement." In order, however, that it may be a national movement, women must be taught their place in society as "moral and justly independent personalities." As they claim "increased privileges and increased duties in the State, so is it necessary that under the changed condition of things the softer sex should receive such intellectual training as will fit them for the discharge of their newly imposed obligations." This training can be best obtained, continues the writer, by reading such books as teach women their rights and their place in the world, and philosophically trace from its inception the propaganda of feminism which is transforming social and political life.

This principle has been recognized in Italy, the writer adds. Women must *know* before they can *do*. A woman who rushes into politics and agitates, however earnestly, about some measure which she has not studied in all its relations is little better than a revolutionary petroleuse who will do more harm than good for her sex. This truth was realized by an Italian lady of rank, the Countess Marie Pasolini-Ponti, who in Ravenna, her native town, has founded a political library for women. The success of this work is thus enlarged upon by the writer in the *Deutsche Rundschau*:

"The success of this undertaking has been so brilliant that similar libraries have been founded in the leading towns of Italy and even in Rome. But something more was needed in order that the intellectual reading of women may take a right direction and be conducted on a systematic plan. The volumes of the library were chosen with the single aim of directing women's minds to the leading authorities on the Woman Movement, but in order to furnish the greatest and readiest aids for women who are setting sail on the *mare magnum* of scientific politics the countess caused to be compiled a catalog or synopsis as an elaborated guide or path-finder for the inexperienced, the value of which has been recognized even in Germany."

The value of this catalog is dwelt upon at some length. "It is noteworthy," we read, "that among the numbers of this catalog the speech and race-unity of the Latin peoples are shown in their

full power as an influential element in Europe, and this is evidenced by the selection of books enumerated in this catalog."

In the *Italia Moderna* (Rome) Prof. Anita Pagliari makes such a strong plea for woman-suffrage that the editor diplomatically adds a foot-note explaining that he does not indorse the essay, but merely publishes it without prejudice. Professor Pagliari starts out by saying that women desire a vote in order to remedy existing legislation. The statute that forbids them the suffrage classes them with the illiterate and criminals as disqualified. She complains that women are put in a place inferior to man. They are therefore paid less for their labor. Even the State pays an inferior salary to women officials and employees. Yet woman's life is becoming yearly more public. She appears in the workshops, the offices, the stores. Finally, cries the professor, women are more patriotic than men. Even when they marry foreigners they remain Italian women. Women are palpably more altruistic than men, she affirms, and adds:

"We demand the suffrage for our own personal dignity, for the benefit of our families, in the name of justice, in order that we may be enabled to raise the lot of the laboring woman, and for love of country. We demand the suffrage because our hearts are alive to the needs of suffering humanity; because we have a thinking brain and a feeling heart; because we have confidence in ourselves and in our sex; because we desire to be independent and no longer parasites by compulsion."

Herbert Spencer, whom Jowett would style the Martin Tupper of philosophy, strongly opposed the enfranchisement of women, on the plea that they could not bear arms. This argument Solone Monti, writing in the *Rassegna Nazionale* (Florence), calls hypocritical, and adds that "it is not quite clear that any connection exists between the obligation of military service and the right to vote. On the contrary, it may be remarked that men who are unfit for the army because, like women, they are not physically competent, are allowed to abandon the bearing of arms, and at the same time are granted the suffrage. Are the physically strong alone to be permitted to vote?" He concludes:

"The present age opens up fresh paths of activity for women. They take employment like men, they enter into the government offices and exercise professions. They receive stipends from the State. The Parliament makes laws which deal with the interests of woman as mother, as wife, as girl, as professional artist, as operative and employee. Why deny her the right of taking part in the election of lawmakers? That is the kernel of the problem. From the moment we permit her to assume new offices which load her with new duties we should in justice accord her the rights which correspond to those duties."

The *Scienza Sociale*, a Socialistic journal of Naples, remarks that in Italy the problem is largely discussed in the daily papers, and in frequent conferences and "sociological conversazioni." The writer adds that in many cities of the Peninsula women have already been enrolled on the electoral list.—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

NOTES.

ACCORDING to the London *Statist*, the portion of the Russian loan to be floated in England, \$65,000,000, has been eagerly taken up. It is added that political sentiment and the desire for an Anglo-Russian *entente* are accountable for this sudden opening of the British cash-box.

THE numerical strength of parties in the Douma, says the *Liberté* (Paris), is as follows: Fifteen Imperialistic Absolutes, from 50 to 60 Liberal Imperialists, 240 Constitutional Democrats, 30 Democrats, and from 100 to 120 peasants without preferred party, but who seem to lean toward the Constitutional Democrats.

At the French elections on the 6th of May, says the *Paris Matin*, 8,900,000 votes were cast, nearly 800,000 more than at the elections in 1902. These were distributed in part as follows: Radicals and Radical-Socialists, 3,100,000; Republicans, 850,000; Socialists, 160,000; Progressives, 1,170,000; Liberals, 1,240,000; Conservatives, 380,000; Nationalists, 380,000. In comparing these figures with those of 1902, it appears that the Radicals and Republicans have gained more than 250,000 votes, and the Socialists 270,000. The Progressives show a decrease of 270,000, and the parties forming the Right an increase of 400,000.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is in receipt of the following books:

"The Intellectual Miss Lamb."—Florence Morse Kinglsey. (The Century Co., 75 cents.)
 "Eb Peechrap and Wife at the Fair."—Hert Lewis. (The Neale Pub. Co., \$1.50.)
 "The Court of Love."—Alice Brown. (Houghton Mifflin & Co., \$1.25.)
 "Sprigs of Mint."—James Tandy Ellis. (The Neale Pub. Co.)
 "The Story of Paul Jones."—Alfred Henry Lewis. (G. W. Dillingham Co., \$1.50.)
 "The Bottom of the Well."—Frederick Upham Adams. (G. W. Dillingham Co., \$1.50.)
 "The City that Lieth Four Square; or, Things Above."—Alfred Kummer. (Mayhew Pub. Co., Boston.)
 "Science and Idealism."—Hugo Munsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 85 cents net.)
 "The Damask Girl."—Morrison I. Swift. (Morrison I. Swift Press.)
 "The Holy Grail."—James A. B. Scherer. (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$1.25 net.)
 "The Forgotten Secret."—W. J. Dawson. (F. H. Revel Co., 50 cents net.)
 "Patriotism and the New Internationalism."—Lucia Ames Mead. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)
 "In Honor of James Whitcomb Riley."—(Bobbs-Merrill Co.)
 "Extra Dry: Being Further Adventures of the Water Wagon."—B. L. Taylor and W. C. Gibson. (G. W. Dillingham & Co., 75 cents.)
 "American Poems."—Augustus White Long. (American Book Co.)
 "The District Attorney."—William Sage. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50.)
 "The Life of Animals."—Ernest Ingersoll. (The Macmillan Co., \$2.00 net.)

CURRENT POETRY.

The Sea Witch.

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.

Endlessly fell her chestnut flowers,
 Faint snow throughout the honeyed dark.
 The myrtle spread his boughs to drink
 Deep drafts of salt from the sea's brink,
 And like a moon-dial swung her tower's
 Straight shadow o'er her warded park.

From her calm coasts the galleons fled,
 The fisher steered him farther west.
 No port was hailed, no keel came home
 Across that pale enchanted foam,
 But by her roof the thrushes fed
 And wandering swallows found their rest.

The shadows touched her tenderly,
 The red beam lingered on her dress.
 The white gull and the osprey knew
 Her tower across the leagues of blue.
 The wild swan when he sought the sea
 Was laggard through her loveliness.
 —From McClure's Magazine (June).

The Mother-Heart.

By MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY.

No child can ever be so dear to me
 As thou wert, sweet;
 And yet all childhood is more dear to me
 Since I have kissed thy feet,
 My babe—who bode with me so brief a space
 Yet left upon my life forevermore
 The glory of God's grace!

Thy childless mother, little son, I cry
 To childhood motherless;
 "Lo, here am I! My heart is open wide
 To welcome and to bless!"



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One stands within, invisible but sweet,
True to his post.
He calls the children to me from the street,
Himself their host."

—From *The Outlook* (New York).

Where Did Spring Die?

BY ZONA GALE.

Where did Spring die? I did not hear her go
Down the soft lanes she painted. Flower-still
She moved among her emblems on the hill
And touched away their burdens of old snow.
Was it on some young down where young winds flow
That the wild spirit of Spring went out to fill
The eyes of Summer? Did a daffodil
Raise the pale urn remote where she lies low?

Oh, not as other moments did she die,
That woman-season, outlined like a rose.
Before the banner of Autumn's crimson bough
The Summer fell; and Winter, with a cry,
Wed with March wind. Spring did not die like
those,
But vaguely, as if Love had prompted, "Now."
—From *Harper's Bazaar* (June).

The Word of Summer.

BY ELSA BARKER.

Dropping roses from her hand
Came dear Summer down the land,
With her hair a tawny banner
By the breezes fanned.

And she looked and laughed at me,
Where I sat all mournfully
Counting over my lost labors,
Near a cypress tree.

And she said: "Oh, why repine?
All these patient works of mine—
Leaves and flowers and fragrant apples—
I must soon resign.

"Not one blossom will remain!
But do I, like thee, complain?
Nay, I pause and rest a season,
Then begin again."
—From *The Metropolitan Magazine* (June).

PERSONAL.

Eccentric Mr. Pennypacker.—A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* explains the impression of people outside of Pennsylvania who consider the Pennsylvania Dutch Governor of that State "a bundle of eccentricities." The writer agrees that "he is eccentric—to the politicians. They never know when they have him." Of his experience in politics, as chief executive of the State, the writer continues:

As a politician he is not a success. There are those who say that without the assistance of the late Senator Quay, Pennypacker could not have risen. That is a mistake. He would have found a way. Not being a politician, he was afraid, for a time, of the politicians, but he made them a study, and they no longer excite his apprehension. He has also learned to know the newspapers, and they have learned to know him. No more do we read the harsh criticisms of his actions or see the coarse caricatures of him that at first excited his ire and caused him to pour forth his wrath.

When Governor Pennypacker takes a stand on any question he does it only after much thought,

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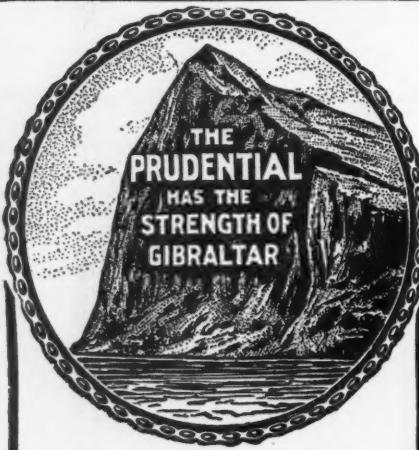
Many of them have built houses out of their easily made earnings and good, honest, honorable "winnings," paid off mortgages, educated children,—many things.

And the records of the sales department of *THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL* and *THE SATURDAY EVENING POST* show that still many more have made a permanent business (with perhaps a few side lines) of representing the magazines and are enjoying good and, in some instances, for them, generous competences.

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and then he will not reverse himself. . . . A story is told that he had just approved an important bill, the ink of his signature being scarcely dry, when he was called up on the long-distance telephone by Senator Quay, who was then in Washington.

"You have a bill relating to so and so in your hands?" queried Quay.

"I have," said the Governor.

"Well," said Quay, "I wish you would kill that bill; it hurts a lot of our friends, and it will be a mistake should it become a law."

"Sorry," said the Governor, "but I have just approved it."

And it stayed approved, and is now a law.

A story illustrating the humor of the Governor is told by the correspondent. At a dinner given in Harrisburg just after the close of an unusually long session of the Legislature, Governor Pennypacker, together with many members of the Legislature, was among the guests.

Everybody was tired and disposed to relax. There was fun on every side, and each man was expected

THE POST DISCOVERY

A Revelation in Human Food

Previous to the discovery of the Post process of changing the starch part of Wheat and Barley into a form of sugar, many people suffered from what is known as starch indigestion.

That was shown by gas and all sorts of stomach and bowel trouble, (sometimes ending in appendicitis) brought on by the undigested starch in wheat, oats, white bread, cake, puddings, etc., etc.

Nature ultimately punishes anyone who continually takes some medicine or drug to smooth over or nullify bad conditions of the body. The only safe way to cure such is to correct or remove the cause. Therefore it was plain to Mr. Post, in working out his discovery, that people who show some weakness in digesting the starch part of food, (which is much the largest part of all we eat) must be helped by having the starch digested or transformed before being eaten. And of course the safest and truest way to do this would be to imitate nature and avoid all chemicals or outside and unnatural things. The body digests the starch food by the following process: first the moisture or juices of the mouth and stomach, then warmth or mild heat, which grows or develops diastase from the grain. Time is also an important element and when all work together and the human organs operate properly the starch is slowly turned into a form of sugar, as it must be before the blood will absorb it and carry the needed energy to different parts of the body. Of course if the body fails to do its work perfectly trouble sets in.

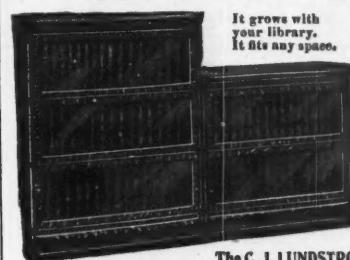
So in the making of the famous food—Grape-Nuts—moisture, warmth and time are the only things used to turn starch into sugar, thus imitating nature and keeping the human food in original purity, free from outside things and just as Mother Nature intends it shall be kept for advantageous use by her children. The food is fully cooked at the factories, and is crisp and delicious with a little thick cream poured over.

It can be softened for people with weak teeth, but is most valuable to others when it must be energetically chewed, thus bringing down the saliva from the gums to go to the stomach and help digest the entire meal, besides the use of the teeth strengthens and preserves them. Nature blesses the parts of the body that are used and not abused. Grape-Nuts food brings peace, health and comfort when people are in despair from any one of the ails resulting from undigested food.

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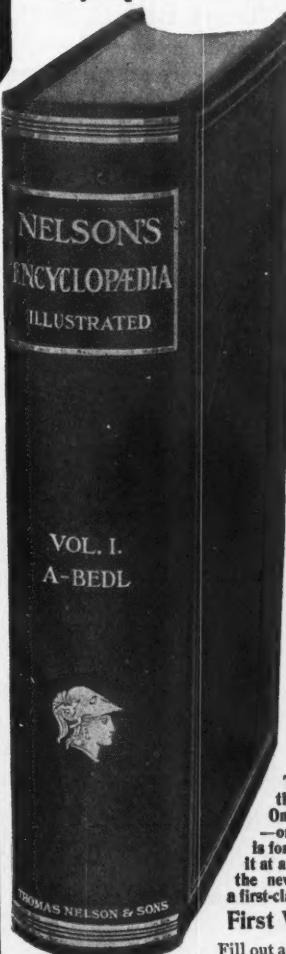
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[June 9, 1906]

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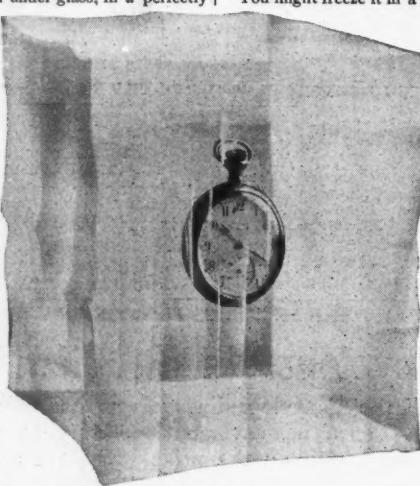
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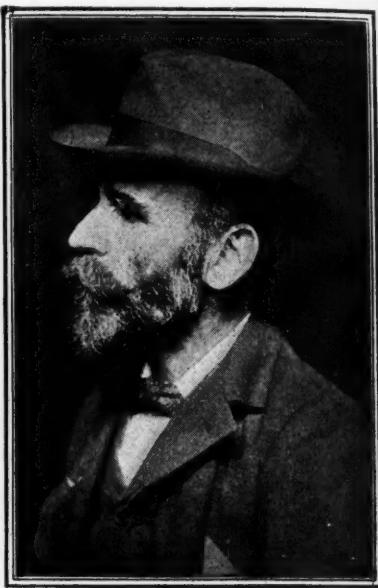
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to sing a song, tell a story, or make a speech. One of the bills passed that session related to a severe espionage of idiots and the feeble-minded, which had been vetoed by the Governor in one of his characteristic messages. When he was called upon for a speech, the gay wits of the party began to "guy" and "jolly" him after the manner of the Clover and the Gridiron clubs. He was interrupted several times, but he did not lose his temper. In the midst of the banter he held up a finger, and in that peculiar, high-keyed voice, that once heard is never forgotten, he said, "Gentlemen, I believe I saved all of your lives when I vetoed that bill." The laugh that followed spread all over Dauphin County.

Michael Davitt.—By the death of Michael Davitt, on May 30, Ireland lost a man whom the *New York Times* characterizes as being, in his day, "the strongest man in Irish affairs and the most conspicuous



MICHAEL DAVITT.

figure in the fight for Home Rule." He was born in 1846, the son of a poor Irish tenant farmer, who was evicted the following year for non-payment of rent. With but little to encourage him in his start in life, he rose rapidly to his commanding position in Irish politics. He worked successively, as a newsboy, printers' devil, newspaper reporter, and letter carrier. During the continuance of this last position he studied nights and in 1865 joined the Fenian Brotherhood. At this time his participation in politics began. The *New York Tribune* completes the story of his career in these words:

He was tried in London in 1870 for treason felony and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. He was released in 1877 on "ticket of leave."

In 1879 he helped Charles Stewart Parnell to organize the Land League. The same year he was arrested again on a charge of making a seditious speech, but prosecution was abandoned.

In 1880 he made a tour of the United States in the interest of the Land League, organizing branch bodies in every big city. He was arrested again on his return to England in 1881, and sent back to penal servitude. He was released on May 6, 1882, rearrested the following year, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

He was first elected to Parliament while he was in the Portland convict prison in 1882, but was disqualified by a special vote of the House of Commons for non-expiry of the treason-felony sentence. He was defeated for member from Waterford City in 1891, and was sent from North Meath in 1892. On petition he was removed, and the same year he was returned unopposed from North East Cork.

He resigned in 1893 owing to the bankruptcy proceedings arising out of the North Meath election petition; in 1895 he was returned unopposed from

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East Kerry and South Mayo, while making a tour of Australia. He resigned in 1899 as a protest against the Boer War.

After that he traveled extensively in this country and Northern Europe. In 1886 he married Miss Mary Yore, of St. Joseph, Mich., by whom he had three sons and one daughter. Mr. Davitt was a writer as well as a speaker. His latest book was a history of the Boer War.

Weston "the Walkist."—When a young man of twenty-five, Mr. Edward Payson Weston created a little stir in the sporting world, and even among the general class of newspaper readers, by a record-breaking walk from Philadelphia to New York. A few days ago he went over practically the same course, and while forty-three years older than at the time of his first walk, covered the distance in a half hour less than he previously required. Such a remarkable feat as walking a hundred miles in less than twenty-four hours would give even a young athlete temporary celebrity. The press, however, have seen in the success of Mr. Weston, at the age of sixty-eight, what the New York *Tribune* calls "a unique and amazing performance, fraught with beneficent suggestion." The *Tribune* continues:

For since "Weston the Walkist"—as he was called in the 60's—first set the pace and the fashion of pedestrianism, how many would-be rivals of his have appeared and disappeared! In the late 70's and early 80's there was on both sides of the ocean a regular epidemic of "go-as-you-please" six-day matches, until the sport-loving public was surfeited with them. Indeed, they degenerated into brutal and revolting—and sometimes, it was suspected, dishonest—affairs of the most sordid character, and it was a relief to the public and to sportsmanship when they were discontinued. Mr. Weston took

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An old soldier, released from coffee at 72, recovered his health and tells about it as follows:

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"About eight years ago (as a result of coffee drinking which congested my liver) I was taken with a very severe attack of malarial fever.

"I would apparently recover and start about my usual work only to suffer a relapse. After this had been repeated several times during the year I was again taken violently ill.

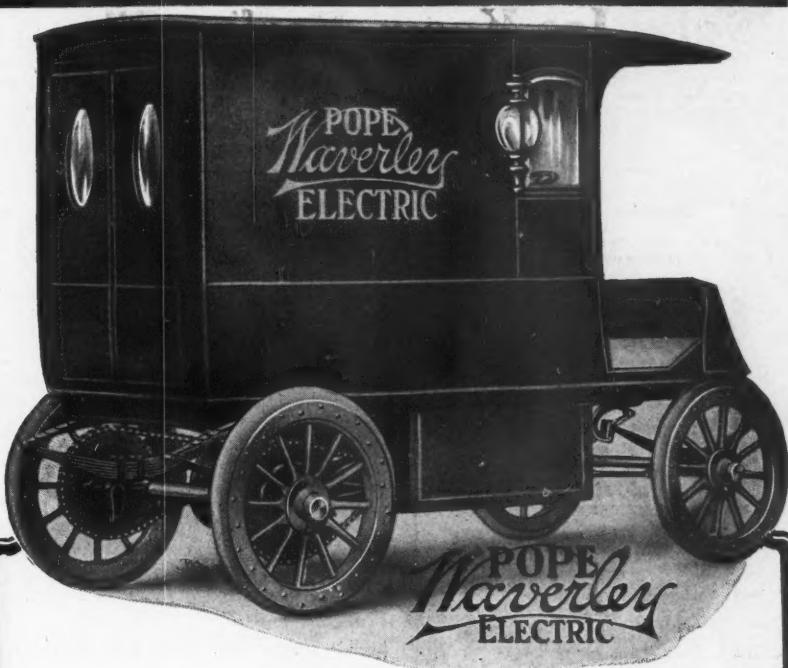
"The Doctor said he had carefully studied my case and it was either 'quit coffee or die,' advising me to take Postum in its place. I had always thought coffee one of my dearest friends, and especially when sick, and I was very much taken back by the Doctor's decision, for I hadn't suspected the coffee I drank could possibly cause my troubles.

"I thought it over for a few minutes and finally told the Doctor I would make the change. Postum was procured for me the same day and made according to directions; well, I liked it and stuck to it, and since then I have been a new man. The change in health began in a few days and surprised me, and now, although I am seventy-two years of age, I do lots of hard work and for the past month have been teaming, driving sixteen miles a day besides loading and unloading the wagon. That's what Postum in the place of coffee has done for me. I now like the Postum as well as I did coffee.

"I have known people who did not care for Postum at first, but after having learned to make it properly according to directions they have come to like it as well as coffee. I never miss a chance to praise it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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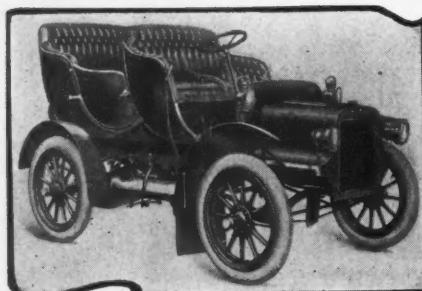
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part in few of them. They were not to his liking. But it will be remembered that at the very height of the craze, when the most bewildering "records" were being made by the young champions of those days, and when he was forgotten, or was thought of only as a "back number," he entered one of the greatest of the contests, and, tho the public scoffed at the idea of the "old man's" trying to keep pace with the others, he surpassed all competitors with almost laughable ease.

Now that he, at sixty-eight, has just beaten his own record at twenty-five, what has become of those other famous champions of the pedestrian ring? And if any of them are still living, who of them would now essay to beat their records of only twenty-five years back? In this contrast between Mr. Weston and his one-time competitors—or most of them—there is a salutary lesson. There is a radical difference between sober living and unsobriety. There is a difference between straight heel-and-toe walking in the open air, across country, for the sake of the sport and the exercise, and "go-as-you-please" scrambling around a tanbark ring in a vitiated atmosphere for the sake of a share in the gate money. In Mr. Weston's pedestrian career there has been much of instruction, of inspiration, and of value to the world, and it is because of such a character that it has been so long maintained and is, now in a second generation, regarded with so much interest and admiration.

The Chicago Tribune recalls another "little jaunt" which Mr. Weston undertook nearly forty years ago:

There was great excitement in Chicago on November 28, 1867. Mr. Edward Payson Weston had arrived from Portland, Maine. He had made the journey on foot, 1,237 miles, within his time limit of twenty-six secular days, and during the little jaunt the country had been stirred with accounts of his progress. Now came the climax. The whole city and the suburb of Hyde Park were in a ferment. A body of police acted as escort to the hero. The streets were thronged. There was a blockade about the Sherman House, and great applause when he appeared on the balcony of the hotel. Later he spoke at Crosby's Opera House and made an indelible impression on the memories of the natives who heard him pronounce Chicago after the Maine or some other outlandish fashion.

MORE OR LESS PUNGENT.

Not There.—"Judge," said Mrs. Starvem to the magistrate who had recently come to board with her, "I'm particularly anxious to have you try this chicken soup."

"I have tried it," replied the magistrate, "and my decision is that the chicken has proved an alibi."—Philadelphia Press.

An Example.—"Papa, what is satire?"

"Well, for example, when your mother asks me how much I've won at prayer-meeting."—Life.

His Mistake.—SHE (reading the fashion items)—"Small checks will be in favor for new spring silk suits."

He (with fervor)—"Thank goodness!"—Baltimore American.

English as She is Spelt.—"I am not a spelling reformer," said Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, "but a friend of mine named Turner nearly made one of me once."

"Turner and I were traveling together. We came to a certain hotel, and there, to my amazement, the man registered:

"'H. C. Phtholognyrrh.'

"'What is the matter with you?' I exclaimed. 'Why do you adopt that remarkable alias? Have you committed some crime?'

"'No, indeed,' said Turner.

"'Then why don't you register your own name?' said I.

"'That is my own name,' he answered. 'Phtholognyrrh—Turner. That's my name.'



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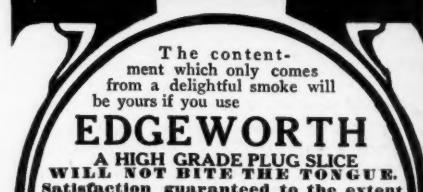
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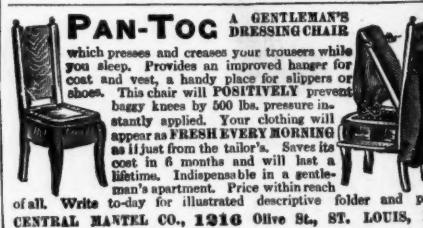
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"Well," I said, "I can't see how you make 'Turner' out of 'Phtholognyrrh.' What is your object, anyway, in using such a peculiar spelling?"

"Oh," said my friend, "when I used to register plain 'Turner,' I attracted no attention. Now, tho', my name excites a great deal of wondering comment. People study it. They ask one another what my nationality can be. Even now, you will notice, there is a little crowd buzzing over the register. 'Phtholognyrrh' is good English spelling for 'Turner,' too. In the 'phth' there is the sound of 't' as in 'phthisis.' In the 'olo' there is the sound of 'ur' as in 'colonel.' The 'gn' is 'n' as in 'gnat.' Finally, in the 'yrrh' there is the sound of 'er' as in 'myrrh.' There you have it. Phtholognyrrh—Turner."—*Woman's Home Magazine*.

Looking for News.—A public-school magazine contains this courteous announcement: "The editor will be very pleased to hear of the deaths of any of the old boys." No doubt the old boys will oblige the editor from time to time.—*New York Tribune*.

The End.—"Doctor," said the patient upon whom the hospital surgeon had just operated for appendicitis, "You're the same surgeon that amputated the first finger of my right hand when I had it crushed in a railroad accident a few months ago, ain't you?"

"Yes," answered the surgeon.

"Well, you got my index then, and now you've got my appendix. I hope you are satisfied."—*Chicago Tribune*.

With Thriftiness Aforethought.—"I give you your freedom, Solomon. Here is the ring you gave me. I can not marry you, for I love another."

"O Rachel! And what is the name of this other one?"

"Wretch! You would do him harm?"

"Not at all. But perhaps I could sell him the ring at a bargain."—*Translated from Le Rire for THE LITERARY DIGEST*.

No Reply.—"That little girl has one bad habit. She always answers 'back.'"

"It is easy enough to break her of that. Get her a place as a telephone girl."—*Translated from Le Rire for THE LITERARY DIGEST*.

Between Physicians.—"Did you ever make a mistake in a diagnosis?"

"Only once. I was called to attend a sick man whom I said had indigestion, and less than a week later I discovered that he was rich enough for appendicitis."—*Translated from Le Rire for THE LITERARY DIGEST*.

Possibly.—STRANGER (at Polecat Point)—"Boy, can you tell me where old Farmer Cornshack lives?"

BOY—"He's dead!"

STRANGER—"Dead! Why, I've come all the way from Boston to visit him!"

BOY—"He must have been expectin' yer, I guess."

—Puck.

Found Out.—MR. WASHINGTON JACKSON—"Wharabouts did yo' git dat fine hat?"

MR. 'RASTUS JOHNSON—"At de sto'."

MR. WASHINGTON JACKSON—"How much wuz it?"

MR. 'RASTUS JOHNSON—"Deed, Ah don' know. De sto'-keepah wasn't dar!"—*American Spectator*.

Notwithstanding.—"Here, hold my horse a minute, will you?"

"Sir! I'm a member of Congress!"

"Never mind. You look honest. I'll take a chance."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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I am a maker of cigars who has never sold a cigar to a jobber or retailer to sell again. Hence I am under no obligations to "the trade." I invite the patronage of the man who objects to paying for the privilege of allowing a retailer to sell him a cigar—who wants to buy his cigars at cost, without the arbitrarily added expenses of the jobber and retailer. To prove that I actually do sell my cigars at wholesale prices I offer them under the following conditions:

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The fillers of these cigars are clear Havana of good quality—not only clear, but long, clean Havana—no shorts or cuttings are used. They are *hand made*, by the best of workmen. The making has much to do with the smoking qualities of a cigar. The wrappers are genuine Sumatra.

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The Emoluments of Office.—RETIRING STATESMAN (preparing to leave his office for the last time)—"Let me see, John, have the railroads paid up?"

SECRETARY—"Yes, sir."

RETIRING STATESMAN—"Has the Meat Trust settled their bit?"

SECRETARY—"Yes, sir."

RETIRING STATESMAN—"And all those other trusts and corporations have they squared?"

SECRETARY—"Yes, sir."

RETIRING STATESMAN—"Well, I guess that is all. I haven't forgotten anything, have I?"

SECRETARY—"You haven't sold your testimonial to the medicine companies yet, sir."—*Puck*.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Foreign.

May 25.—The Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company closes all its offices in Great Britain.

May 26.—The Douma indignantly rejects the Government's reply to its demands.

Herr von Justh is elected president of the lower house of the Hungarian parliament at Budapest. Panama is reported to be in a state of siege. United States marines are on their way there on the *Columbia* to prevent outbreaks at the time of the elections.

May 27.—General Castro announces that his retirement as President of Venezuela is final.

May 28.—The Municipal Council of Panama asks the United States to intervene in the coming elections, and the council at Colon passes a resolution denouncing the action. The *Columbia* arrives at Colon, and the *Marblehead* at Panama.

May 29.—Michael Davitt, the noted Irish statesman, dies at his home in Dublin.

May 31.—Princess Ena of Battenburg becomes Queen Victoria of Spain. A bomb thrown at the royal couple on their return from the ceremony kills sixteen persons and wounds many others. Even the horses of the carriage of the King and Queen are killed, but the occupants are unharmed.

Domestic.

CONGRESS.

May 25.—*House*: The Senate amendments to the Railroad Rate bill are disagreed to, and the bill is sent to conference.

May 26.—*House*: The amendments of the Senate to the Denatured Alcohol bill are accepted, and the bill goes to the President for his signature.

House: Ten representatives are arrested on warrants signed by Speaker Cannon charging them with "absenteeism," and are brought before the bar of the House.

May 29.—*House*: Resolutions calling for the Neill report on the Chicago packing industry are introduced in the House by Williams and Sulzer.

OTHER DOMESTIC NEWS.

May 25.—The grand jury of the United States circuit court which has been investigating the alleged fertilizer trust at Nashville, returns indictments against about eighty fertilizer manufacturers.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York hands down a decision declaring there was no ground for criminal prosecution of George W. Perkins in connection with the New York Life Insurance Company's contribution to the Republican campaign fund.

Contracts involving \$35,000,000 for the construction of New York terminal stations are awarded by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

May 27.—The inhabitants of Louisville, Ky., are treated to the novelty of an absolutely "dry" Sunday.

May 28.—The Western Federation of Miners, upon opening its convention in Denver, agrees to the reelection of President Moyer and Secretary-Treasurer Haywood, who are now in prison in Idaho, charged with the murder of Governor Steunenberg.

May 30.—President Roosevelt delivers a Memorial Day address at Portsmouth, Va., and unveils a monument erected in the naval cemetery, by the Army and Navy Union.

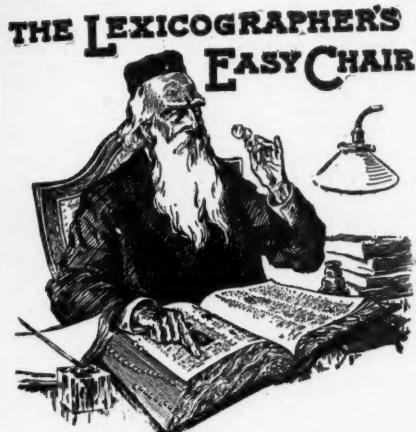
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In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Various Correspondents.—The word *temblor*, regarding which the Lexicographer has received a number of inquiries, is found in the Spanish phrase *temblor de tierra*, meaning earthquake, *temblor* being derived from the verb *temblar*, to shake or tremble. The sudden appearance of the word in the press after the San Francisco catastrophe illustrates the predatory nature of the English language, which, seeking expression for the slightest shades of meaning, has been plundering foreign languages for centuries. In common decency, however, we shall have to pay the real proprietors of the word *temblor* the compliment of printing it in italics for a while; tho if earth tremblings should unhappily become frequent, we should no doubt give it at once the typographical dress of a naturalized citizen and use it as a sort of diminutive of "earthquake."

"G. A. P." Dallas, Tex.—"Kindly define clearly the synonymous meaning of, and the difference between, *egoist* and *egotist*, also *egoism* and *egotism*. Is *egoism* the characteristic and *egotism* the practise, respectively, of *egoist* and *egotist*?"

An *egotist* is a person who abounds in *egotism*; one who is given to self-admiration and praise. An *egoist* is one who advocates or practises *egoism*. In philosophy the term *egoism* was formerly applied to the theory of subjective idealism which held that the only absolute certainty is that of the existence of the mind of the individual holding the theory. In ethics, *egoism* means the theory that places man's chief good and the supreme end of human conduct in self, and that makes all virtue consist in the pursuit of selfish aims—opposed to altruism, which *egoists* consider irrational. "Egoist" and "Egotist" have nothing in common but their derivation from the Latin, *ego*, I; and an *egoist* may be not in the least egotistic.

"M. M." New York City.—"(1) Please advise me whether the word 'got' in the sentence 'I got a headache' which is understood to mean 'my head aches' is good or bad form or ungrammatical. (2) Is the word 'loaned' the best English in the sentence, 'I loaned him money'?"

(1) The verb "to get" is used primarily in the

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Each bottle is sealed air-tight and then sterilized to kill every germ that might cause fermentation or decay. My grape-juice will keep for years in any climate.

City folks, who visited our town every summer, began to order grape-juice from me, all the year 'round. During the last few years, I've shipped many a case as far, even, as San Francisco.

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I'd like to have you try both kinds and decide for yourself which you like better.

Now Here is My Offer

You needn't send me one cent in advance. Just fill out and mail me the attached coupon, stating whether you want 12 quarts or 24 pints. I'll send all "Puritan" or all "Old-Fashioned" juice—or, better still, half of each kind—just as you prefer. I'll prepay all freight to any place east of the Mississippi or north of the Ohio River. If you live beyond these points you must pay the freight west of the Mississippi or south of the Ohio River—I'll pay that far.

You may drink a whole bottle of each kind as a sample. If you don't decide that it's the most delicious grape-juice you ever tasted, just freight the remaining bottles back to me within one week of receipt at my expense. And what you've used won't cost you a penny!

If you want to keep the whole case (as I know you will) send me P. O. or express money order for \$5.50 for the 12 quarts or \$5.75 for the 24 pints.

Now I surely couldn't make this liberal offer if I didn't know that mine is the best and purest grape-juice you can buy anywhere at any price—could I?

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sense of acquiring something by effort. The sentence which you quote is in the past tense, and couldn't by any possibility mean that the speaker's head is aching at the time of speaking. A person might "get a headache" by dining not wisely, but too well; but if a simple statement as to one's condition is meant, the correct form is "I have a headache" or "My head aches." "Got" is constantly used to satisfy the vulgar craving for superfluous words, in such sentences as "I have got a headache"; "He has got money, etc."

(2) No, it is not English at all; it is American. *Loan* is properly a noun, and the only excuse for its use as a verb is that it carries a more distinct suggestion of interest than "lend," for which it is substituted.

"G. A. N." Asheville, N. C.—"Please translate the following motto on a coat-of-arms: 'Hincusque superna venabor.'"

This may be rendered, "All the way hence to the skies I shall pursue (my way)," *superna* meaning celestial regions, as opposed to *inferna*, the lower regions, and *venabor* (which literally means "to hunt") being used in the poetic sense of "to pursue." "My way, or course, etc." is understood.

"H. J. R." Provo, Utah.—"Can you tell me the meaning of the phrase 'chasing the aniseed bag'?"

In districts where there are no foxes available for hunting, a man is sent to trail a course with an aniseed bag. This leaves a strong scent which hounds will follow, but they never catch up with the bag. Used figuratively the expression denotes the following of a course that leads to no satisfactory conclusion.

"A. B. F." Orlando, Fla., and other correspondents.—"Please give me the correct pronunciation of the word 'garage.' From what language is it derived?"

This word, like most terms connected with the automobile, is derived from the French. It may be anglicized as *garage* (the second "a" as "a" in stage), or it may be given its proper French rendering of *gar'azh*, both "a's" being pronounced like "a" in "arm." The French "g" has no equivalent in English, but a thickened "zh" approximates it. Since *garage* is a very useful term, implying a storage-room for automobiles, it is entitled to a permanent place in the language, and its anglicized pronunciation is therefore preferable.

"J. L. C." Hartford, Conn.—"Kindly tell me who are referred to in the following paragraph from a recent speech by Kipling: '(1) If a tinker in Bedford jail, (2) if a pamphleteering shopkeeper pilloried in London, (3) if a muzzy Scotsman, (4) if a despised German Jew, (5) or a condemned French thief, (6) or an English admiralty officer with a taste for letters can be miraculously afflicted with the magic of the necessary words, why not any man at any time?'"

(1) John Bunyan; (2) Daniel Defoe; (3) Robert Burns; (4) Heinrich Heine; (5) François Villon; (6) Samuel Pepys.

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